THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1865. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2260. Single Number 5 Cents.

THE DYING GIRL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JOHN COLLINS.

Dearest mother, I am dying—
  Shadows gather round me now;
Clasp me, on thy bosom lying,
  Press thy warm lips to my brow.
Till my heart shall cease its beating,
  Let me feel that thou art nigh;
Let me hear thy voice entreating
  For thy darling soon to die.

Please to ask our Heavenly Father,
  For the holy Jesus' love,
One more little lamb to gather
  To His blessed fold above.
Tell Him that in all my weakness,
  I have prayed to do His will,
Though He sent me pain and sickness,
  I have dearly loved Him still.

Read to me once more the story
  Of the dear Redeemer's life,
How He left His throne of glory
  For a world of pain and strife;
How, when little children pressing
  Eagerly around Him came,
When He gave them all His blessing,
  Lisped with thanks his sacred name.

I have loved this bright world, mother,
  Birds and flowers and summer skies,
But I know full well, another
  Brighter far beyond me lies.
Though I seem to feel thee nearer
  As I draw each shortening breath,
He, my Saviour, still is dearer
  In the shadowy vale of death.

Seek no longer then to hold me
  From my heavenly home above,
Where the Saviour's arms shall fold me
  Evermore in tenderest love.
In that land no wail of sadness,
  Tears nor parting words shall be,
Harps of praise with hymns of gladness,
  Blend in sweetest melody.

Mother, look! a white-winged angel
  Yonder stands and calls me now,
In his hand a crown of glory,
  Soon to sparkle on my brow.
Hark! from thousand voices swelling,
  Sweetest music fills the room,
Bright ones near me now are telling
  They have come to bear me home.

One more kiss, my own dear mother,
  One fond, long and last embrace,
Close my eyes and let no other
  Wipe the death-damps from my face;
Farewell! all my sins forgiven,
  Soon my happy soul will be
Evermore at rest in heaven,
  There to wait and watch for thee.

ELLEN MYRE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

I am a thankful mortal—thankful because one of the faculties most largely developed in my nature, is a species of contentment which enables me to derive a great deal of pleasure from very small things. I confess to much ambition—I should love to do every thing in a much superior manner to anybody else—and I should like to have everything quite as nice, if not nicer than other people's. But if I cannot outstrip my fellows either in deeds or possessions, I pause upon the limits of my ability, satisfied that I have done the best I could, and hopeful for the future, knowing that time and steady effort will conquer difficulties and enlarge capacities. I never can bring myself to think anything is to be gained by chafing and fretting at impossibilities. While we pause to give vent to despairing sighs, embittering life for ourselves and others, many golden moments glide away, which, like crystal waters poured out upon the ground, can never again be gathered up.

While facilitating myself upon this happy trait in my disposition, one day, I amused myself with surveying all the pleasant things about me, and enjoying them to the fullest extent. I believe I had not a wish in my heart for more than I possessed, though my surroundings were neither rich or luxurious. I loved these things as I loved everything beautiful, but being beyond my reach, I could wait, enjoying meantime what I had, hoping for better some day.

I had just gone into a new home, and this was my "snuggery," in which I felt so satisfied and happy. The house itself was neat and large, quite respectable, if not stately, and the row of handsome houses fronting my front windows quite repaid me for any lack of showiness in my own. The outside world was not much to me. I felt independent of that when I let fall the curtains and turned back to the shining grate, in which the brightest of fires glowed cheerily. On one side of it stood my great easy chair, soft with cushions, and very inviting. A foot cushion before it suggested many hours of elegant ease and delicious rest after the work was done which waited me on the other side of the room. There stood a desk whose drawers were filled with manuscripts. The paper weight (a chubby little bronze foot), pen rack and wiper, paper knife and huge cut glass inkstand, were all in their places. The book case belonging to the desk held my dictionaries, English, French, Greek and Latin. Beside them lay Bible and prayer-book—gifts from dear ones whose eyes might no more trace the beloved pages. And just over the top of the desk hung the pictured face of one that held a very tender place in my heart. Whenever I looked up from my employment, the blue eyes shed their genial light upon me, and the beautiful mouth smiled encouragement. Other pictures graced the walls, but none were like this; and to none did I talk as to my Charley, with his royally handsome head bent toward me so devotedly.

A little way from the desk stood a sofa, luxurious with soft cushions, whose bright tints were mellowed down to a most delicious tone by the simple closing of a blind. The carpet was soft and bright, in harmony with all the other appointments of the room. And in the extreme end of this snuggery, sheltered by falls of bright drapery, stood my bed, gleaming within its niche like a downy snow drift.

I loved music passionately, so my piano had its place, near it a little tinkling guitar. Shrouded in its green baize cover in one corner stood the dear old harp, that had been my mother's, and was to me like a living companion when I withdrew the cover and suffered my fingers to wander lovingly through the shining cords. My mother's sweet voice spoke to me through them, and her soft silvery laugh floated through the twilight when I played the little merry airs she loved. All this was comfort. I enjoyed it with the fullness of contentment because it was all mine, won by my own efforts, and those efforts had been my best. This little home, this one room, with all its pleasant appointments, was my world. The tall book-case, with its glass doors, showed me gates through which I might pass to many and distant lands. The store of volumes was valuable, and an unending source of pleasure. In the self same hour I could, with the sovereign power of an independent mind, choose for my associates princes of royal blood, kings, queens, emperors, and hold high revel with peasants on the green. I might chatter Greek with the Grecians, drink tea with the Emperor of China, sip sweet Tuscan wines with the dark-eyed children of that sunny land; sweep with Kane through frigid regions of the North Pole. What royal head could boast a crown of brighter honors? All these were to me real. I lived, moved, and talked with these people. They were daily and familiar companions, and it was with me to say how much time I vouchsafed to them. Like Selkirk, I was "monarch of all I surveyed," and "my right there were none to dispute." But I felt much better satisfied with my position than he did—disposed to think myself the happiest woman on the earth.

In this pleasant frame of mind I went to my front window and stood sheltered by the curtains. The stately houses were grander still, with their gleams of ruddy light visible. At some of the windows stood fair young forms, looking down with bright, eager eyes upon the white streets over which proud steeds pranced to the chime of silver bells. Sweet little peals of laughter floated up from piles of soft furs heaped in those handsome sleighs, and the beautiful color of rosy cheeks gladdened the beholder with an exhilerating sense of delight suggested by the picture. Within some of the windows were groups of babies, little curly heads, and chubby hands wandering and pattering over the clear glass panes in exuberant glee. I could even hear the gurgling of sweet baby laughter at times, so near was I to this fairer side of life, on which I gazed so joyously.

A whim seized me. I thought I should like to see a contrast to all this brilliance and gladness, and looked eagerly up and down the street for a beggar, or even some poor, miserable animal that might claim a throb of sympathy from a human heart. None could be seen there. Nothing ventured into such pleasant quarters at such an hour, so I went across the room, passed through a long hall and came to a window overlooking the rear of the building—a dreary stretch of land, containing a few miserable houses, and a park at a little distance, whose leafless branches were strongly defined against a leaden winter's sky.

I know that it was bitterly cold; without the snow was crusted over and the pavements icy, while the old pump by the little thatched cottage beneath the window from which I was looking, was literally covered with a shining dress of crystal.

As if to grant fulfillment of my wishes the fates sent an object of interest to the spot. With slow, weary steps a woman, thinly clad and wretched, walked up to the old pump and stood still, looking at it with a wan, helpless, despairing look, that went to my heart. I could almost fancy that I heard the sigh that must have passed through her lips, then the sob, as she dropped her face for one moment in her two wan, trembling hands. I could see that she trembled from head to foot with cold as well as with feeling, and the latter was plainly expressed in her attitude. My heart ached as she stood there, forlorn and desolate, grieving over things hidden from my sight, but which yet had power to touch me even more than I was conscious of at the time.

"And stood still, looking at it with a wan, helpless, despairing look that went to my heart."

Many minutes passed away; then she turned sadly toward the cottage, and approaching it cautiously, seemed to be striving to catch a glimpse of the interior without being seen. Finally, after a number of unsatisfactory attempts, she staggered away to a little place where she could sit screened from the sight of any one coming from the cottage, and sinking upon a little pile of boards buried her face in her lap, completely screening her head by drawing the tattered remnant of shawl she wore over it.

There she sat for a long time, seemingly stupified by wretchedness and despair. At length, after a multitude of conjectures, I could rest no longer, and going back to my room, rang the bell for the maid, to whom I gave the order to go to the woman and find out the cause of her distress. The girl obeyed me readily, and I watched from the window with breathless interest as she approached her.

Evidently the first words startled her, for she sprang to her feet like a startled fawn, and looked wildly at the intruder. Seeing a stranger, however, she sank back once more and concealed her face. Once she shook her head to some proposition made by my messenger; but, to all appearances, it was all the heed she paid to her remarks.

"Och! sure an' I can't do anything wid the varmint," exclaimed Mary, as she drew near me on her return. "She's one of the stubborn ones, an' yez bether let her alone, Miss. Afther all, she's not worth the thought of the likes of yez."

"Mary!" I responded, reproachfully. "She is a woman, and evidently in deep distress. What can you know of her that you can speak so? I will go to her myself, for I cannot sleep this night with that sad face haunting me."

I threw a shawl over my head and went down stairs, crossing the little space between my home and the cottage with eager, hasty steps, till I came close to the object sought. I spoke to her very gently, and my voice must have been full of pity, for when she lifted her face a hopeful light struggled through the wonderment in her eyes.

"Have you no place to go this bitter night, that you sit down here so forlornly," I asked.

"No place on earth," she answered, with a dreary pathos that brought the tears to my eyes.

"Then come with me. I will give you food and shelter to-night, and if I can help you further I will. Night shadows are falling, and it will soon be dark. Come with me."

She looked at me a moment blankly, till satisfied by my face that I was in earnest. Then the tears gathered in her large black eyes and trickled over the wan cheeks. Without a word she rose and followed me across the court and up stairs to my own room, where, to Mary's astonishment, I conducted her, that I might talk at ease. I bade her wheel my large chair nearer to the fire, and then invited the wanderer to sit in it, which she did after a moment's hesitation.

"Now, Mary, bring a cup of hot tea, some toast and an egg," I said to the wondering girl. "You can get them quickly and bring them up here."

As she disappeared I drew a seat to the grate and sat down near her. Before I could speak the stranger had dropped her head upon the arm of the chair she occupied, and burst into tears, her low, plaintive sobs filling the room.

I let her cry until she could control herself; then she spoke of her own accord.

"I do not deserve your kindness, madam," she said, wiping the tears from her face with one corner of her shawl. "But I will not prove ungrateful, and I thank God for his Goodness in sending you to me, for I was despairing."

"I thought so. But why is it that you are so friendless? Are there none to whom you can go for help?"

"None. My father is dead. My mother and one little sister live out here in the cottage, but I dare not go home. My mother has cast me off, and I am homeless, friendless. Do not suppose that I have done anything disgraceful. I did not, though I was wrong. I have always been a proud girl, ma'am, and a God fearing one, I trust. But an evil day came upon me, and I am eating its bitter fruits now."

"Of that you shall tell me more presently. Here is Mary with your tea," I said, as the girl came in. "Eat first and talk afterwards."

That she might appease her hunger unrestrained, I saw the tray placed on a little table, which Mary drew near the chair; then went to my desk and busied myself with some papers until she had finished. She ate with the avidity of partial starvation, as I could see by furtive glances; but I did not seem to notice her until she had finished, when I went back and resumed my seat.

"Now will you tell me of your troubles, and if I can help you?" I asked, kindly.

"Indeed I will, madam," she replied, quickly, "though I have no right to ask help at your hands. My story is easily told; and you will believe me that I speak truth in all I say to you. I did not seek this charity and kindness, and I cannot bear to think that you may doubt me."

"Go on."

"We had not lived here long before I went away. My father died a little while after he took the cottage, and we were strangers from a foreign land. England was our home, and we were not quite so poor there as we were here, though we never knew much else than poverty. After my father died, I went out into the country to service, leaving mother and my little sister at home, but coming home once a month to see them and bring them my wages.

"I had been there four months when a gentleman came to visit the family and have a hunting match with the young son of my master, a youth of about twenty; and it was not long before he betrayed a fancy for me that made me feel proud and happy, he was so noble looking and so gentle. At first it was only in looks, and a word now and then when he had a chance to speak to me without being overheard; but after a time he wrote pretty little notes, telling me that he loved me, which I had known all the time; but then I grew very shy and kept out of his way as much as possible, because it did not appear as if any good could come of a grand young man's attachment for an humble girl like me.

"When he saw that I shunned him, he got desperate, and watched me everywhere until he found a chance to speak to me. Then he said he would marry me, and I should go far away and live in a fine house all my own, where he would make me very happy. He said I was pretty and sensible, and with a little study and polishing could make as fine a lady as anybody. I ought to have known better, madam, but I loved him, and all his fair promises turned my head. I ran away from my place and met him according to agreement at a spot where I found a carriage waiting for me. It had been arranged that he was to start home on a certain day, and my master's carriage conveyed him to the depot before the time for the train to start. But when he got there, he sent the coachman back and jumped into a hack to drive to the place where I was to meet him. As soon as I reached it, we drove off in another direction and travelled nearly all day before we came to the house where he said we were to stop and be married.

"Once there, I grew uneasy. It was not a pleasant looking place, and I was afraid to enter the house—dark, dismal and villainous looking as it was. As I put my foot in the doorway, I began to feel that he was trying to deceive me, for I knew that this was a mean little wayside inn, and not the house of a poor minister, as he had represented it, who, he said, would be glad to perform the ceremony and keep the secret until such a time as he had permission to reveal it.

"He had me shown up stairs to a little room that made my heart ache to look at it, so gloomy it was. Then when the servant went down, I began to look about for means of escape, for I did not intend to let him think that I could be so wholly deceived as he imagined I was.

"One window overlooked a little back porch, and while I stood looking down, two men came out upon it and began to talk. I fancy one was the landlord; the other was my lover, and what they said made my blood run cold. Then I knew that the man I loved was unworthy any true woman's affection, and from the pain it cost me to know he was false, sprang a fierce and bitter anger. There seemed no means of escape, but I resolved to outwit him, and I did it. While he stood there talking, I descended the stairs softly and looked around for some safe means of exit from the house without being seen. On each side of the hall were little rooms, evidently parlor and sleeping-rooms, and the doors at both rear and front were guarded—the landlord and my lover at one, and a group of servants at the other. What to do I did not know, but I was desperate and sprang into a room on the right side of the hall, which I found empty. Passing through that I came into another small apartment where a woman with large brown eyes and a sweet, gentle face, sat sewing upon some little dresses for her baby then sleeping in a cradle at her side. She looked up in affright as I entered, but kept silent, for I put my finger over my lips with a gesture of entreaty.

"'Oh, madam, help me,' I said in a whisper. 'I want to escape from that man outside, who is trying to deceive me into a false marriage. You are a wife—a mother! In the name of all dear to you, help me to escape ruin.'

"Without a word she took my hand and thrust me into a closet motioning me to keep quiet. The next moment she had resumed her chair and began to hum a low lullaby to her babe, while the feet of the men outside clattered upon the stairs.

"Well, there was a surprise, of course, and a search for me all over the house. Then they went into the road and sought for me along the highway, giving my kind benefactress an opportunity to release me from a very uncomfortable position. I followed her out through the garden, then across an orchard to a clump of trees through which ran a little path. She bade me follow that straight for about a mile, and it would bring me out into the highway again, where I could get into the stage as it passed at four o'clock. She put a little purse of money into my hand, and uttered a few kind words of

advice for the future that filled my eyes with tears. I kissed her hands gratefully, with sobbing thanks, but she drew them away and ran back to the house.

"I followed her directions, and when the stage came along, got into it and went to a strange village, from which place I took the cars home. But when I got here my mother turned away with reproaches, refusing to believe my story. My master's family had sent her a dreadful story about me, and she cast me off for *ever*.

"I had done wrong, madam. I ought not to have been led away by my vanity and affection into the belief that a man so far above me would make me his wife, and I accepted my punishment; but it has been very bitter. Everywhere I go, the proud eye and scornful tongue have wounded me with the stings due to those guiltier than I. To live is a hard thing. I dare not go home, for they will not let me; and sometimes I have had to beg for the food that sustains the miserable life within me. No one will take me to work, and if they do, only to turn me away again when they find out something about me. Now I am reduced to such misery I dare not even ask for a place as a servant, and am driven to the streets to beg for my bread or starve. I wish I could die."

I rose up and paced the floor thoughtfully. Could this girl's tale be true? Truth was in her tone and manner. She had not spared herself, but laid bare all her folly, all her weakness—no sin. Even the cruel world had not driven her to it as a last resort. I looked at her earnestly. The small mouth betrayed suffering, but it was not a wicked mouth, and the large black eyes were pure and clear as they met mine. Soft folds of black hair fell around her thin, white face, fine and glossy in spite of neglect. With flesh and color I could imagine her very pretty, and she talked well. Young, simple and ignorant, it was not hard to understand how she had been led into folly, but no crime left its black stains stamped upon her sorrowful face. I made up my mind to trust her, and frankly told her so.

"I believe you have told me the truth, and I will befriend you. A lonely, helpless woman has a right to look to us for help, and, God willing, I will never let one of my sex sink for want of a sustaining hand. I will arrange some plan to-night through which to set you in a fair way with life again."

She thanked me in low, faltering accents, and I sat down to think, leaving her to rest while the shadows gathered more darkly around us, pierced only by the glow from the grate.

We sat for some time in silence, till a coal fell and kindled a brighter blaze lighting up the whole room with a ruddy gleam. My eyes turned to her face, which looked deathly as she leaned back against the crimson lining of the chair, and only for the wandering eyes, might have been mistaken for the face of a corpse.

Suddenly the wandering orbs fixed upon an object at the other side of the room, and she leaned forward, gazing with dilated pupils and quick coming breath. Following her gaze my eyes fell upon the picture of my Charley, and for a moment my blood ran chill in my veins. Her low cry of distress brought me to my feet—forced the question to my lips:

"Why do you look so at that picture? What is there in it to move you so strangely?"

"Oh, madam," shudderingly, "it is *his* picture. That is the portrait of Charles Delaney!"

I reeled as though struck by some cruel blow, but did not fall. My own voice surprised me with its calm, even tone as I asked:

"Well, what of it? Do you know him—and when, where?"

"Madam, did I not say it was *his* picture. That is the man who would have destroyed me, soul and body—who caused me to be driven forth into the world, homeless, friendless, dependent upon the uncertain charities of this great city for food and shelter. Oh, my God, my God!"

I could have echoed her bitter cry as she cowered down in the chair and moaned in her anguish, for it seemed as if a weight had fallen upon my heart and crushed it. With weary, tottering steps I crossed the room to the sofa, threw myself upon it face downwards, and lay still.

I do not know how long I remained there, forgetful of all else but my misery. I had stood upon a beach whose sands were golden, and crystal waves uprolling, left glistening jewels at my feet, while the waters sang sweet songs of love and joy. But suddenly the storm arose, black clouds overspread my sky and fierce thunders shook the heavens, while the crystal waves were inky in their blackness, sweeping the sands from beneath me until I sank down hopelessly, helplessly, despairingly, and wished I could die. All the goodness of the world seemed suddenly to have faded out, and my heart grew hard and bitter. Nothing was fair, nothing was beautiful, nothing worth living for!

A low, pleading voice at my ear roused me. A little trembling hand was on my arm in timid entreaty.

"Oh, madam, I have hurt you, when you were kind to me. I did not know he was anything to you—I did not think—I was so startled. Please forgive me. I would rather die than wound you. I wish I had died before I came in here to wreck your peace with my sad story. Indeed, indeed I did not intend to wound you."

"I know it, poor girl." I answered, rising resolutely. "You are not to blame. I would rather know the truth than to be deceived." And here a bitter pang rent my pride. I had thought I could read human nature well, and had enshrined him in my heart of hearts as only a woman can enshrine a good and noble object.

None of the bitterness or pain left my heart as I threw off the lethargy that threatened to enthrall every sense. But I sent Ellen Myre back to her chair by the fire, and after sending away an untasted supper, assisted Mary in the arrangement of a little room adjoining my own for my protege's accommodation. When she was safely stowed away in it, and made as comfortable as possible, I turned back to my own apartment, locked the door, and paced the room till grey dawn crept in at the eastern windows.

My pallid face frightened me when I glanced at the mirror. I felt sick and faint, too, and with a low cry, throwing myself upon the bed at last, I shed the first tears that had come to my relief since I had heard that fearful story of intended wrong and treachery.

After awhile I fell asleep, and when I woke again the sun shone brightly, and Mary was knocking at my door.

While she was lighting the fire, I made some alterations in my dress, and tried to restore myself to something like my usual appearance. But it was with a very heavy heart, and the utter futility of the attempt caused me to sink down helplessly, the picture of wretchedness.

Poor Mary, divining some ill, but understanding nothing, tripped about softly, putting things to rights and performing her various duties in a way that showed how full her heart was of sympathy. I blessed her for the proud and happy smile that overspread her sincere face as she laid a letter upon my plate after bringing in the tray with my breakfast; for she, poor girl, had seen my face light up many a time over similar missives, and thought that this would prove a panacea for all my ills.

When she had gone, I broke the seal, read half the honeyed contents, and then in a passion of outraged feeling, threw it from me, and again burst into tears.

Later in the day, I had taken a step which relieved my mind, and after seeing Charles Delaney's letters safely bestowed in the mail to be returned to him, turned to Ellen Myre and her interests with a sort of feverish avidity, which proved the necessity for something which could fully occupy my mind and lead it away from brooding over an unworthy object.

Ellen could write a fair, plain hand, and with a little assistance to begin with, might serve me well as a copyist. So I had the little room fitted up for a more permanent residence, and after furnishing her with decent clothing, set her to work, going back to my own pen with an earnestness and determination never before experienced.

Thus a week passed away, during which time nothing more came from Charles Delaney, whose picture no longer smiled down upon me, brightening and blessing my toil. All that had passed. I stood over the ruins of a shattered temple, once beautiful to look upon, and at which I had worshipped devoutly—but where I must now nerve myself to look down unfalteringly and steel my heart against tenderness—shutting out all the old and hallowed memories that had made it so sacred in my eyes. It was a hard thing to do. An earnest woman never loves lightly, and when I pledged my faith to Charles Delaney, it was with a love that would have willingly sacrificed life for his sake, believing him worthy. Now the bright dream had flown, and I looked into the future with weary eyes—struggling through daily paths with weary, faltering steps.

One evening I sat in the gathering shadows, my head upon my desk, and silent tears blotting the lines my pen had traced, when a hand fell lightly upon my bowed head. I had not heard any one enter, and was startled at the touch, springing up with a cry. There at my side, pale and reproachful, stood Charles Delaney, his blue eyes full of a suffering I have never seen in them before. He sighed heavily as he spoke, and his deep voice trembled.

"I received a package containing my letters to you, Ginnie, and have come to ask the meaning of it. Tell me what has happened. It must be something fearful to cause you to act thus without one word of explanation."

"Enough to justify me in my course," I answered, with a vain attempt to steady my voice. "I expected you to come for the explanation, and I am prepared to give it you."

I stepped to the bell and rang it. When Mary came in, I ordered the gas lighted, whispering her as she passed me on her way out, to send Ellen to me at once.

Charles stood up beside a chair, his hat in one hand, the other resting upon the chair heavily. He was so pale and worn that my heart almost failed me to look at the suffering stamped upon his features.

"The explanation," he said huskily. "Give it to me quickly, Ginnie, for every moment is torture."

"It is at hand," I answered faintly, my heart beating heavily at the sound of light steps in the hall. I turned as Ellen Myre stood upon the threshold and pointed to her.

"There it is, Charles Delaney. Look at her face well, and you will need no other."

Ellen uttered a quick, sharp cry, as her eyes fell upon the tall figure, then with parted lips, white as marble, leaned against the panel of the door. Searching Charles's face for a confirmation of guilt, I saw only amazement upon it, a blank, bewildered expression that was unmistakable.

"I cannot understand you, Ginnie. There is some mistake here. Who is this young girl, and what has she to do with us?"

At the sound of his voice, Ellen roused herself and scanned his face with a look that might have annihilated a guilty man, then she said slowly:

"It must be Charles Delaney. I cannot forget the face and figure, but it is not his voice or manner."

Charles turned to me again inquiringly.

"Who is she, and what has she to do with me? I do not know her."

"If this be true, I do not know what to say. Ellen Myre has a sad story of treachery to tell against Charles Delaney, and recognized your picture readily, calling your name as she did so. Between you the mystery must be solved to my satisfaction."

Charles remained silent and bewildered for a full minute. Suddenly a light flashed all over his handsome face.

"I think I can, now, Ginnie, though it must be at the expense of my cousin, Charles Zillon Delaney, who is enough like me to be a twin brother. He must be the one of whom this girl speaks, for on the honor of a gentleman, I have never before seen her in my life."

"Thank God! oh, thank God!" burst from my lips as I fell into a chair and wept for very joy. I could understand it all now, for I remembered that he had a cousin Charles, but knew nothing before of the strong resemblance between them. This revelation filled me with a gladness unspeakable, and as "my Charley" knelt beside me with tender words, I placed my arms around his neck and rested my head upon his shoulder, until the tears were spent, and I could smile again.

"Oh, dearest, how could you doubt me?" he murmured as he put back my hair with his tender, caressing touch.

"How could I help it, Charley?" I answered, and then I told him the whole story from first to last. Ellen had glided away immediately after the solution of the mystery, and we were alone.

Charles looked very grave and sad when I had done, paced the room thoughtfully several times, and then said deliberately:

"My cousin Charles has acted like a villain. I will make him repair the wrong he has done this poor girl, or expose him myself. I will send for him this very night."

And he did so, despatching a boy within half an hour after he made the determination to do so. It was but a few minutes ride by railway to the town where he resided, and by ten o'clock he knocked at the door of my "snuggery."

Ellen was with us when he entered, prepared for the meeting; and had I needed further proof than I possessed to re-establish "my Charley" in my confidence, I might have had it in the stare he gave at seeing her, and the pallor that overspread his face. My Charley stood up like a prince, and addressed him gravely:

"Do you know this young girl, sir?"

"I think I have seen her before," answered the other hesitatingly. "But what in the name of wisdom have you summoned me here for? I thought you deep in business out West."

"So I was until your wild freaks came near losing me my affianced bride, and I must needs come and look to my interests. What I have sent for you to do is, to repair the wrong done that girl, whose affections you won, and whose good name you have destroyed, though she was wise enough to elude your treacherous designs. Are you ready to marry her?"

"Marry her! Why, cousin Charley, are you mad?"

"No, sir—in sound, sober earnest. No man is a gentleman who will pass his word to any living being, and break it wilfully. I choose to have those who bear my name, and in whose veins kindred blood flows, called gentlemen; therefore, as you gave her your promise of marriage, I demand of you to keep it, for you have made her an outcast, deprived her of home and friends, and thrown her mercilessly upon the cold charities of the world."

"This is a summary proceeding, I must say. Ellen is not a woman calculated to make a man feel proud when he introduces her to society and his friends as his wife."

"She is ten times your superior, for all that," answered Charley in deep, ominous tones. "Yes, a thousand times, for she has been guilty of the one error only—loving you. All the injustice of friends and the world has not debased her, and she is worthy to bear the name of a more honorable man than you are. What is your answer?"

Before he could reply, Ellen who had stood erect, almost queenly in the unconscious pride expressed in every line of her face and form, stepped forward and said proudly:—

"Spare him and allow me to answer for myself. For the kind interest in me, and the noble spirit which has prompted your defence of a lonely girl, I thank you from my soul. But I would starve upon the ice and snow of the streets to-night before I would wed this man, in whose heart there is no love or pity for womankind. Love does not seek to destroy its object, and the woman must be mad who would wed a man with murderous instincts only in his heart. Humble as I am, I still feel that I am his superior, as you have kindly declared me, and I must look up to the husband who may choose me for his wife, not down upon him in scorn and distrust. Let him go in peace. With me, you can do as you will—send me away into the world, if you please, or keep me under your shelter, where I will faithfully strive to earn my bread. But with Charles Delaney, your cousin, I have not, and never will have anything to say."

Unopposed she left the room, her step as proud as the step of a princess royal as she departed. We had no wish to gainsay her decision, and the contemptible man on whom my Charley's eyes fell coldly and scornfully, after a few hasty stammering remarks, took his leave.

A few days later, my Charley and I were quietly married in a little church close by, and when we went home to our own house, which Charley had fitted up for us in the West, in the course of a few months, we took Ellen with us.

As I sit here now penning these lines, she is at a little distance, engaged in copying a large package of MS. In the time that has sped since she came to us, a wonderful change has taken place, and I think her very beautiful. The slender form has grown plump, the face round and fair, while the red lips and large, luminous eyes complete the charm of a face naturally full of life and feeling. Gentle, good, and loving I have always found her, and it makes me sad to think that some day she may leave my home for another, where she will be mistress, and a good, true man, unlike our cousin, Charles Delaney, will have her happiness in his keeping.

"OLD BARKIS."

BY MRS. H. A. HEYDON.

"And it being low water—he went out with the tide."—*Dickens's Copperfield.*

The sad Autumn wind like a mourner was sighing,
And clouds veiled the blue of the sky;
On a pillow of pain was the "Carrier" lying,
And dim was the light of his eye.

He thought of his wife—and that now he must leave her
In her poor little cabin alone:
And he knew when the green sod his body should cover,
She would grieve that old Barkis was gone.

Then thoughts of the past with their presence were filling
His heart halls with memories bright,
And smiling, he whispered, "Yes—Barkis is willin!"
And his fast fading eyes grew more light.

But soon the light faded—nor e'en could he know
His old wife, who knelt by his side;
When midnight drew near and the waters were low,
"Old Barkis went out with the tide."

☞ In the Army of the Potomac there is a stockade of logs, twenty feet high, and sharpened at the tops, and known as the "Bull Pen," in which captured deserters are confined before execution. In it there were at last accounts about sixty men, awaiting their fate. Just at the right of its entrance, outside of its walls, is a small log cabin used as the condemned cell. The man who enters that goes out only to execution. Sad stories of remorse and agony the walls of that low, dark, gloomy cabin could tell. Soon as convenient, after a deserter is arrested on his way to the enemy or the rear, and charges preferred against him, he is tried before a general court-martial.

☞ The inaptness of titles is thus illustrated:—"Once," said a Quaker, "I had the honor to be in company with an Excellence and an Highness. His Excellence was the most ignorant and brutal of his species, and his Highness measured just four feet eight inches without his shoes."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2.50
Two copies, "		4.00
Four copies, "		8.00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	15.00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35.00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *nineteen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, *which apply equally to* THE POST, *and to the* LADY'S FRIEND:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies of the Post, or of the Lady's Friend, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on those subscriptions, and *Twenty dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

FOOLING WITH WILD BEASTS.

We must confess to having a very small degree of admiration for lion-kings, and other gentlemen who show their power over wild-beasts by placing themselves frequently in a position to be devoured by them. We never fancied such exhibitions ourselves, and yet were the practice not found to pay, it would hardly be indulged in for the mere love of the thing. The foolish public who crowd to such performances are therefore really the guilty parties, if there be guilt in men uselessly exposing their lives.

We believe that it is not an unusual thing for a lion-king to survive the perils of his monarchy, and die a natural death; but occasionally a case happens like one which recently transpired in Germany. A Frenchman named Soulages, had for some time been exhibiting with great success at Wurzburg. One day he entered a den containing a lion and lioness, and made them go through various performances. The spectators loudly applauded. Elated by these plaudits, Soulages determined to do something more extraordinary, and for that purpose he collected in one den a lion, a lioness, a white bear, two black bears, four hyenas, two wolves, and a tiger. He then entered himself, whip in hand, but the door was scarcely closed when the tiger made a spring at the white bear. This was the signal for a terrific struggle between all the beasts, who appeared at once to recover their natural ferocity. Soulages, hoping to intimidate the animals, fired two pistol shots at the tiger and white bear. This act sealed his fate, for the tiger, leaving the bear, sprang upon the keeper, threw him down and began to tear him with teeth and claws. The other beasts, rendered furious by the smell of blood, all fell on the unhappy man, and in a few minutes he was torn in pieces and almost entirely devoured in the presence of the horror-stricken spectators, who were powerless to render assistance.

We trust that it will not require many exhibitions of this kind to render lion-taming unpopular with even a thoughtless public.

CRITICISM.

We have often thought what comments a modern critic would make on one of Shakspeare's plays, presented to him for the first time. An English writer gives the following as the probable judgment of the critic upon Hamlet, for instance:—

"In poetic power Mr. Shakspeare is sadly deficient. His verbiage (!) is strained and ambitiously ineffective, his quantity false, his metaphors mostly mixed. The versifier who in a former drama talked of 'aspect,' 'secure,' proceeds to wilder extremities in this. He talks of 'taking up arms against a sea of troubles,' leaving the reader in doubt whether a suit of armor and broadsword be meant as advisable under diluvian circumstances, or whether the 'arms' alluded to be the corporal members useful (in conjunction with legs) in swimming. 'And by opposing end them,' adds Mr. Shakspeare. End what? the arms or troubles? To terminate a sea is a cosmogonical understanding of difficulty; but the simile is a hopeless jumble. 'There's the respect that makes calamity of so long life,' is a passage of singular unintelligibility; but one yet wilder and more ludicrous soon follows:—

'Thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And *enterprises* of great *pith* and *moment*
With this *regard* their *currents turn awry*,
And lose the name of *action*.'

The italicised nouns indicate the fearful mixture of the metaphor. 'Enterprises' having 'pith' AND 'moment' become 'currents' which possess 'regards,' (query, compliments?) which subsequently go into 'action,' though whether legal or military action the poet does not say. We have quoted enough to signalize the merits of Mr. Shakspeare's new tragedy, for which, if we thought any manager were besotted enough to put it upon the stage, we could predict the utter condemnation it deserves at the hands of a critical auditory."

WAR.

Has there been anything in the history of our own civil war sadder than the following:—

"A most affecting scene occurred the other day in a Berlin military hospital. In going the round of the wards, the king noticed a man who had lost both his arms and legs. The king inquired if there was anything he could do for him. The human torso, a victim of the late campaign, replied, 'Your majesty, have me shot.' Deeply affected, the king replied that he could not possibly fulfill this unchristian wish. Upon this, the unfortunate man, flying into a passion, cursed the doctors that had kept him alive. The king turned away crying."

☞ The army chaplains in the newly-occupied cities of the Union (late of the Confederacy) are kept busy marrying the colored population. Since April 10, 1861, at Vicksburg, 1,456 of these marriages took place. One chaplain married 102 couples in one day. The marriage fees were naturally small. A silver dime, a paper dime, a paper half-dime, were presented; and in one case a sweet potato, by a bride who was more thoughtful than her spouse. The oldest person married was eighty-eight years of age. The greatest disparity of ages was forty-six years. Three white men married colored women.

☞ They are having a great sensation at Chicago. A man there proposes to cure the sick by the touch of his hand. Thousands flock to him, and he touches them at the rate of about four a minute. The Times says persons paralyzed really do throw away their crutches and walk, but whether it is anything more than the effect of excitement a short time will determine.

☞ An elderly gentleman being ill, one of his friends sent a messenger with the usual inquiry, which, however, he had not pronounced with due emphasis—"I'll thank you to take my compliments, and ask how old Mr. W. is?" The messenger departed on his errand, and speedily returned, saying, "He's just sixty-eight, sir!"

☞ The sign of one of our enterprising dry-goods firms on Middle street,—Messrs. *Fruchtsanger & Zunger*—is something of a stumbling-block to persons not familiar with the German tongue. We saw a youngster eyeing it the other day with a puzzled air, when he suddenly broke out with "*Forts Wagner and Sumter*—that's a lively firm, by thunder!"

☞ An Irish barrister, when he first domiciled in Liverpool, was troubled "with niver a brass farthing," and he "onst upon a time," described his poverty as follows: "When I first came to Liverpool I was in perfect rags; the smallest hole in my shirt was the one I stuck my head through; and I had to have that, my only shirt, washed by the dozen, for it was in twelve pieces."

☞ Not long since a married couple in Farmington, Van Buren county, Iowa, early one morning found a cow and a calf in their lot; the cow had a collar on with a note attached, requesting that she should be taken care of till called for. Some nights afterwards a basket was found at their door containing an infant, about a week old, and a note saying that the baby was the owner of the cow.

☞ It is stated as a significant fact in the experience of prison-keepers, that while wives constantly visit and condole with their husbands when imprisoned, husbands seldom or never visit their erring wives in prison, but almost invariably desert them in their trouble. And yet how many of these poor women have suffered brutality at the hands of their criminal husbands!

☞ In the oil regions a new class of beings have sprung into existence, but whether they oozed up along with other "indications," or came naturally, we don't know. The men comprising this addition to the seers of the country are called "oil-smellers," who profess to be able to ascertain the proper spot for boring by smelling the earth. Some of them are said to practice considerable mummery in order to mystify and impress their employers.

☞ A BAD SPELL.—A bold soldier boy, writing to a young lady, an "unsone frend," with whom he wishes to open a correspondence, styles himself "*A Choldger.*" We will venture to say *a soldier* never appeared in this disguise before. If the writer puts as much extra work into his fighting as he does into his spelling, he'll be death on the rebels.

South American Civilization;

OR,

Glances and Glimpses at Agriculture, Arts, Architecture, Education, and Domestic Economy in Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Banda Oriental, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, and Equador, as Seen and Noted Down.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Vegetable Productions of Brazil.

Coffee—Cotton—Corn—Sugar-cane.

Taking as a total all those in the United States who talk about, deal in, and drink Rio coffee, and it is probable that four-fifths of the whole number are impressed with the idea that all Rio coffee is grown either in Rio or the adjacent neighborhood, just as most people who buy and sell, talk about, and eat, bread made of "Howard street flour," suppose that the material so denominated is all manufactured in Howard street, Baltimore. A very great and general mistake in both instances.

There is a very little coffee grown in the vicinity of Rio Janeiro, and it may be that an occasional coffee bush may sometimes be met with even within the limits of the city. But there are no very extensive coffee plantations within forty-five miles of the Brazilian capital, and nearly all the coffee shipped at the great commercial emporium of the empire is first transported thither from remote districts, either in the interior, or along the coast north and south from Rio.

Several descriptions of coffee and coffee-growing in Brazil have been given to the public by somebody, none of which I should be quite willing to endorse as my own, or as reliable information of any one else. Coffee culture is as various in Brazil as corn culture in the United States; and under certain conditions of soil, climate, and locality, the characteristics of both plant and berry are as dissimilar as are our different kinds of Indian corn, if we except one variety—the sweet, or sugar-corn. Yet being carried to Rio Janeiro, the universal coffee mart of the empire, it all becomes the "Rio" of commerce.

All the provinces of Brazil lying east of the great divisional river known towards its source as the Uruygay, further north as the Tocantine, and seaward from that singular branch which connects it with the Amazon, as the Para, produce coffee as an article of traffic, the extreme southern province—Rio Grande—alone excepted. But the region most prolific of the fragrant material, is that narrow strip of territory known as the Atlantic slope of the coast range, or Great Brazilian Mountains, rising at their northern extremity in the parallel of about 9 deg., and terminating in that of 32 deg. south latitude, having a breadth from the base of the range, to the coast, of from forty to one hundred and fifty miles.

More directly under the equator, the coffee becomes a tree-like shrub, having a hard, wooded stock, resembling in its habits and general structure the common hazel-bush of the United States, coming into bearing in its second year after planting, and continuing to produce coffee from seven to nine years, the quality deteriorating and the yield decreasing, however, after the fifth year. In these localities the season of ripening is so irregular, that blossoms and berries in all stages of maturity are often found at the same time upon the same shrub. Hence the inferiority of Rio coffee produced in the equatorial regions, the immature grains being always tough, acrid, and bitter, and however much you may burn and boil them, they will nevertheless taste *raw*, and as unlike really good coffee as possible.

A sure guide by which the most inexperienced purchaser may always know this quality of Rio coffee, is the great disparity in the size of grains, whether in a raw or roasted state; the better qualities of "Rio" being always distinguishable by a uniformity in size and shape of the grains. The milder and finer flavored of the Brazilian coffees are those of the larger grained, lighter colored varieties, grown in the interior of the southern provinces, where the seasons something approximate our own in their temperature and regularity—a good argument, in my opinion, in favor of some day successfully acclimating this variety of Brazilian coffees in the milder regions of our Middle and Western states.

A Brazilian in Brazil will give you as delicious a cup of coffee as you can procure anywhere on earth; and as I see no good reason why their method of achieving a cup of the beverage should be anything more out of place here than it would be in a fashionable cook-book, I give the Brazilliero's formula, hoping that somebody somewhere will experiment, become converted, and educate their neighbors.

The Brazilian cook first culls from his coffee all impurities, and then *grosses* it, to prevent the escape of the aroma while roasting. It is then roasted in small quantities, slowly, gradually, and so thoroughly, that while still of a bright brown color, it may be readily pulverized between the thumb and finger. In grinding, the mill is set so as to grind it as fine as ordinary corn meal. The quantity required is then put into the coffee-pot, with a half-pint of pure, *soft* water—(good coffee can never be made with hard water,) and it is left to steep thus from six to twelve hours. When required for use, boiling water is poured into the pot, which is placed in a position where the temperature of the liquid is maintained just below the boiling point for ten minutes, and then a *dab* of cold water settles the question and your coffee, and you have a cup of "Rio" really good to drink.

The national emblems of the Brazilian Empire, are coffee, cotton, and tobacco. All these plants are indigenous to the country, growing everywhere spontaneously, freely—under culture, luxuriantly; and with more individual energy and enterprize, a more liberal national policy, and one quarter of the science of our country, as applied to agriculture, Brazil would produce all these staples in quantities almost beyond calculation.

Cotton is found in almost all parts of the empire, in several varieties, both wild, and under cultivation, and a large proportion of the country has a climate and soil as favorably adapted to the production of the better qualities of the annual, upland material, as any portion of our own cotton-producing regions; while all along the mountain ranges, in the valleys of the more elevated regions, along the borders of the Great Grassy Basin of the interior, the perennial, or tree cotton grows spontaneously, produces abundantly a cotton of good quality, extensively utilized by peons and savages in their rude fabrics; the tree enduring and bearing for many years consecutively.

Another variety of the perennial cotton, producing as beautiful a nankeen as was ever grown in China or Farther India, grows in abundance, of Nature's planting, along the eastern base of the Brazilian Range from the parallels of eight degrees to thirteen degrees south, and over a large territory of that vast meadow world extending from ten degrees north to the equator, and inland to the Paranaiba, known as the *Sertam*.

In that immense garden world, extending from the equator to the thirteenth parallel of south latitude, and over more than forty degrees of equatorial longitude, Brazil has a cotton realm possessing all the requisites of soil, climate and irrigation for producing all the varieties of cotton ever produced anywhere on earth.

At present this vast breadth of territory is totally unenergized by the hand of agricultural industry. But netted as it is by the navigable tributaries of the mighty Amazon, the probability is that before another century shall have dawned upon the world, Brazilian enterprise, so recently awakened from its hundred years' nap, will present to the gaze of wondering nations, a cotton field, compared with which the combined cotton-bearing regions of North America will dwindle into utter insignificance.

With more than twice ten thousand miles of rough, rugged, semi-civilized, and often wholly savage country to traverse, mostly at a mule's pace; with four times ten thousand things falling within our observation—things really worthy of notice, we shall scarcely be expected to idle away our time upon trifling subjects, or tarry tediously upon objects of real importance. Our aim must be to notice as many points of South American civilization as possible, in our course around the continental peninsula; copying the busy bee, taking a brief sip here and there from flowers most inviting.

Indian corn is nowhere within the tropics of any country, a staple production; yet in Brazil it is in general cultivation in all the more elevated regions, from the latitude of ten degrees to the southern extremity of the empire; though it is only in the two southern provinces—St. Paulo and Rio Grande, that corn is grown in respectable sized fields, as we find it in the United States; and used in its mature state as an article of food, in something after our manner of using it. Corn is much used in all the interior regions of middle Brazil, while in its milky or green condition, roasted, or boiled on the cob; or cut from it, and cooked with beans as we make succotash, and among the peons and Indians large quantities of the milky grain is dried and cooked precisely as our North American savages cure and cook it.

It is only in the provinces named, that the matured grain is ground, beaten in mortars, or boiled whole, and used as an article of diet. In the early settlement of the country the Jesuits erected rude, clumsy wind-mills, of very primitive construction, for corn grinding, and up to the present time very little has Brazilian progress improved upon the Jesuitical genius of corn grinding.

In most instances these massive old wind-mills of *adobe* are true copies of those of the days of Don Quixote—very picturesque in the distance, but of little profit to the proprietor, and of slight public utility—their usual average of grinding being about four bushels of corn in twenty-four hours, the grains as a common practice being broken into about six sections; though here and there a better class mill may perhaps increase the daily rate of work to six bushels, and particles of a divided grain to ten.

Corn bread is very rarely made; never, I think, by the Brazilians themselves; but they manufacture dumplings, having an edible leaf of a variety of the laurel mixed in with the mass to bind it, on the same principle that we mix hair with our plastering mortar to bind it together. These corn dumplings, boiled with pork cured bacon fashion, and *fajons*, a variety of very black beans, affords a dish not to be altogether despised; provided one happens to be ravenously hungry.

There is another Brazilian method of cooking the coarsely ground, or mortar-beaten maize, which counting the testimony of every foreigner I have ever heard express an opinion upon the subject, as entitled to consideration, is really delicious.

The corn, either ground or beaten to just about the fineness of what in the southern portions of the United States is denominated "small hominy," and in the North *samp*, is first thoroughly washed and freed from every particle of hull, and then simmered in milk enough to cover it, very slowly, until it is as tender as the white of a hard boiled egg. When cooked to this consistency, the *canjeik* is treated to a glass of good old sherry or "Port;" and being then dusted lightly with cinnamon, mace, nutmeg—any one, or all of them, as suits the taste, the material is served hot, or cold, and in either case is delicious eating. Those who square their lives by the total abstinence rule, may omit the "Port" or sherry, without essential damage to the *canjeik*, or themselves either, I presume.

Next in order of observation, and second in importance to the coffee crop, is the cultivation of the sugar cane, and the manufacture of sugar therefrom. In former times the growing of cane and production of sugar was confined almost entirely to a limited territory contiguous to Pernambuco and Bahia. But within the last twenty years the area of the Brazilian cane fields has vastly enlarged, extending at the present time from the Acaray Mountains, bounding the empire on the north, to the confines of the Banda Oriental on the south, a stretch of more than thirty-five degrees of latitude.

The earlier sugar districts still maintain their supremacy however; there being probably more than double the quantity of sugar shipped from Bahia and Pernambuco than from all the other ports in the empire combined.

There are two varieties of the cane grown in Brazil, the broad leafed, short jointed kind, common in the West Indies and Louisiana, and the slender, delicate stemmed, narrow striped leaf variety, native, I think, of Borneo and Cochin China. This kind of cane is, however, cultivated to a limited extent only, for the purpose of supplying a home demand for a very delicate, light colored, honey flavored syrup, and a superior quality of sugar that is never exported.

The cultivation of the cane, and process of sugar making, are so essentially the same as the like processes in the West India sugar islands and our own "down South" sugar land, that the general reader, supposed to be already tolerably well posted in sugar making, would scarcely be interested in any description as brief as one must necessarily be, taking into consideration the distance before us to be got over, and the forty thousand objects of interest that will exact from us a passing glance. But there is a very simple method practised by the Brazilliferos, to bleach, clarify, and as they argue, *purify* their sugar intended for foreign consumption, worth a brief glance.

Pass through Pernambuco or Bahia any day during the dry season, and if a new comer from abroad, you will be astonished to see the side walks of a street as long as Walnut Street, carpeted by whole squares throughout its entire length with dry hides, laid flesh side up, and spread over with sugar to a depth of four inches, affording a sweet promenade for satin slippered senoras, booted or *tomasked* cavalieros and men of business, bare-footed Guinea water-carriers, beggars and garbage gatherers, carrying upon their heads dripping tubs of unmentionable abominations, and affording an admirable play ground for brigades of juvenile Africans, nude as were our Eden ancestors before fig leaves became the fashion. Then there are legions of all sorts of dogs, chickens, ducks, and frequent pigs, all rooting, revelling, shovelling, wallowing in sugar.

Four days' exposure to such treatment, and to the vertical rays of the tropical sun, and the pulverization, bleaching and *purification* are thoroughly and cheaply achieved—the Brazilian sugar merchant has manufactured the beautiful, dry, pulverized, *very sweet* sugar, which he sends us in those oblong boxes bound with raw hide, for our confectionery, coffee, canned fruits, and the more *recherche* styles of cookery.

Children's Hospital.

MR. EDITOR,—I feel sure that you will find space in your columns, for the sub-joined letter from Major ———, of the ——— Pennsylvania Volunteers, which has been placed at my disposal by the friend to whom it was written, in the hope that it might serve to aid indirectly, one of the most unassuming and unostentatious, but at the same time, most useful and deserving of our city charities.

PHILADELPHIA CONTINENTAL HOTEL, February 8th.

Dear Will:—Why did your evil genius take you out of the city, just as mine brought me into it, for it must have been an evil genius that led me to choose my fifteen days' leave, just so as to miss the very man I came to see? I left our boys three days ago, in first-rate spirits, and sorry to lose the new major, even for fifteen days, so they said. Say what you will, it's pleasant to find they like a fellow, and I rather think my company had a sort of regard for their captain, and I didn't care about my receiving a majority. I found ——— and ——— had both gone back, so I thought there was nothing for it, but to make a raid on our old quarters, to see who could be drummed up there. Yesterday morning, therefore, cold as Greenland, found me seated in the Eleventh street cars once more, on the way to the old place. Our old friend, the tow-pated conductor, didn't recognize the quondam captain in the new major;—coming up to me at the turn, where you remember conductor is transformed into driver, he asked, "Where do you get out, sir?" "Officers' Hospital," said I. He gave me a keen stare, and then said, "As I live, it's Captain ———; why, captain, you can't be the white faced fellow, I used to help in and out of the cars so often. How you're improved." "Leaves" are better than "bare," I thought, but didn't say so. "Going out to have a look at the old place, are you? Well, you'll see a pretty change there." So saying, he passed through the car and became the driver. You know you had written me of Dr. Camac's having been relieved, and I supposed that he alluded to this; but fancy my amazement on approaching the well-known white gate, to find it crowned with an arch of white wood, on which I read in bold relief of black letters, "CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL." I was dumb-founded. I stopped, rubbed my eyes—read it again. What, in all creation, can this mean? I entered the grounds, and walked to the other side, to see the old seat under the trees where we used to smoke, watch the Germantown train, and quarrel over Parton's "Life of Butler," when lo! as I looked up, nailed to those very trees, over my head, larger, whiter, and blacker than before, there it was—"CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL." I wandered back to the house, and once more, over the door, on a black sign, with gold letters, the same mystic words met my eye. It must be for little drummers, thought I, not contemplating the possibility, in these days, of anything out of the service. I halted. Comment faire? Forward or back? Retreat? Never. Entre donc.

My hand is on the bell. "Can I see the surgeon in charge?" This to a daughter of Erin, who answers my summons, and upon whose locks the surgeons have evidently been experimenting, for she had a suspiciously short crop. A broad stare. Question repeated. Stare intensifies, commingled with alarm. Question varied. "Can you tell me where the Officers' Hospital has been moved?" "No, sir. I'll call the matron." Matron appears instanter, proving she was in ambush, both by that and her answer to my already propounded question. "This used to be the Officers' Hospital, sir, (I've a right to know that's so, good woman,) but that's gone away, and we've just moved in." "Is the surgeon in charge here?" "The doctor? No, sir; just driven off this minute."

Another halt. Evidently a laconic matron, not inclined to tell me what I mean to know—where I am. But I'm in for it, and by hook or by crook, I will get into my old ward, so full of memories of kindness and happy hours, in spite of all my suffering; so I return to the charge. "Is this an establishment for little drummers?" "Sir?" "Wounded in the service, I mean." Wild wonder and perplexity in her face. I feel repulsed, but not beaten. "What is the object of this institution?" Ah! I have hit it, she is at once herself. "This, sir, is a hospital for sick children. Should you like to go over it?" "To see the wards, very much indeed, if I shall not be intruding." A minute more, and I stand bewildered in the old place. There we are, but a magic wand seems to have touched everything around, dwarfing both the beds and their occupants. Rows of diminutive iron bedsteads, with the whitest spreads, surround the room, and as I walk up to the old spot where I lay so long, there I seem still to lie, in the form of a little white face with eager eyes staring wistfully at me. Is it my wraith, or is it all a dream? I turn away confused, and find myself at the door of the little room where poor ——— was so long. As I stand in the door-way, musing on his case, I am roused by the startled voice of the matron. "Not there, sir, not there! That's my room." Good woman, my eyes didn't see your room, but quite a different vision, which I shall not trouble you with; this mentally, as I apologise aloud, and follow her to the children's play-room, where a noisy crowd of young imps are strewing the floor with blocks, torn pictures, books, dolls, &c., while one little urchin is astride of a hobby-horse, bearing a strong resemblance to ———'s famous roan, you remember that joke? Well! I thought we had our toys, cards and billiards, where's the mighty difference? This reminded me to ask how they used our billiard-room, but I found it was closed at present, as they did not need so much accommodation.

"And so I cannot find out here," said I to the matron, "where the Officers' Hospital has been moved?"

"I don't know, sir, but I am expecting the ladies every moment, and they can tell you." "Expecting the ladies!" Thunder and lightning! Ladies! And I expected to confront them. I made one bound down the stairs as if Wheeler's Cavalry was after me, and not till I reached the front door did it occur to me that I might be suspected of insanity or evil designs by my hasty retreat. I therefore returned to the stairs and apologized to the matron, who was watching me with a suspicious air from the top—pleaded a forgotten engagement, and made my escape.

Somehow all the way in, those wistful eyes looking up out of my old bed haunted me; they seemed worse than a dead rebel's, and I thought it was a grand thing to save children from suffering; it don't so much matter for us, but I don't care to see a child look that way, and you know I'm not chicken-hearted. Last night I met Joe ———, and as I was rather full of my trip, I mentioned it. How he laughed at the drummer view I had taken of it; he knew all about the thing, as I suppose you do, says it's a purely charitable affair, got up by three young physicians here, who have never received a cent of salary, and that it is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions for its support. Now, if that's true, those men deserve shoulder-straps, *moral* ones, I mean, and that's the thing for my money. You know I'm no saint, and you can't come the charitable dodge over me very well, but if what I wrote you in my last letter is true, and there is really oil on my farm, and it comes to anything, that place will be apt to hear of it in the future, that's all.

* * * * * * *

I am afraid I shall be back with my regiment before you return, therefore send you this, to show you I haven't forgotten old times. Heigho! Would that "this cruel war were over," till it is, or I get hit, Faithfully yours,

———.

☞ In Australia spurious gold, eleven karats fine, has been detected, which purchasers have freely bought. It can only be detected by means of the blow pipe. It is a very adroit cheat. Every particle of the metal, which is fine, is simply an exceedingly small particle of lead or silver, either round or flattened, thickly coated over with gold.

☞ "My dear," said Mrs. Bumble to her daughter, "you must have something warm round you in the carriage." Miss B. mentioned the request of her mother to her beau, and he immediately complied with it.

☞ One of the kings of Spain had been unsuccessful in war, and had lost several provinces; yet he received, notwithstanding, the title of *the Great* from his courtiers, and, the more unfortunate he grew, was the more rigid in exacting such honors. "Yes, he is Great," said a wit, "just as a ditch is great. "The more earth you take from it, the bigger it becomes."

☞ "Interesting events," are occasions when a nurse takes absolute possession of the house, and the husband sleeps on the sofa. Babies are the tyrants of the world. The Emperor must tread softly—baby sleeps. Mozart must hush his nascent requiem—baby sleeps. Phidias must drop his hammer and chisel—baby sleeps. Demosthenes be dumb—baby sleeps.

☞ A domestic in Springfield, Mass., startled the family in which she was employed by declaring she had the diptheria, and the priest must be sent for at once, because she was going to die without delay. She could feel the diptheria in her throat, and could see it. It turned out that the girl had just discovered her palate.

☞ In the Book of Revelations, Death is represented as mounted on a white horse, but in these days he rides an iron horse—the locomotive.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues unsettled and drooping. Sales 8,000 bbls Flour at $7,50@8,50 for common and good superfine, $8,50@9,50 for extras, $9@10,50 for extra family, and $10,75@12 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with sales of the former at $7,12½@7,25.

GRAIN—Wheat is unsettled. Sales 15,000 bushels at $2,20@2,30 for fair to choice reds, $2,30@2,50 for white, and $2,40 for good Kentucky white. Rye—Sales at $1,35@1,47. Corn—Sales 45,000 bushels at $1,37@1,40. Oats—Sales of 25,000 bushels at 85@86c for Southern and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—There is very little demand for barreled meats; $25@30 for Mess Pork, and $18@23 for Mess Beef, the latter for extra Western. Sales Bacon at 20@24c for plain and fancy Hams, and 18@20c for Shoulders. Green Meats—Sales limited at 18@20c for Hams, the latter for choice sweet pickle, and 16@17c for Shoulders in salt. Lard is held at 19½@20c for Tierce and 21@22c for kegs. Butter—Sales common to good and prime packed and roll at from 12 up to 35c, the latter for choice Goshen. Cheese is steady at 18@25 ₩ lb. Eggs are selling at 25@26c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market is quiet; about 250 bales have been disposed of at 45@50c for low and good Middling quality.

BARK—Quercitron has further declined to $32½ for 1st No 1.

BEESWAX is held at 60c ₩ lb.

COAL—The demand from the East has fallen off, and the market is unsettled and drooping.

FEATHERS are dull at 70c for good Western.

HAY is steady at $30@31 ₩ ton.

HOPS are dull at 30@50c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market is dull. Prices range at $40@45 for American Forge Pig and $48@50 for Foundry Iron.

OILS—We quote Petroleum at 32@35c for crude and 75@77c for free refined Oil.

PLASTER is quoted at $5 ₩ ton.

RICE—Sales at 12½c for Savannah.

SEEDS—There is an active demand for Clover-seed. Sales and re-sales of about 2,500 bushels at $15½@17½ ₩ bushel, as in quality. Timothy is quiet at $3@6½, the latter for prime. Flaxseed is in steady demand at $2,70@2,80 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is selling in a small way at $2,40@2,45. Whiskey is dull and unsettled, with sales of 700 bbls at $2,19@2,19, cash.

SUGARS are dull. Sales 630 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 11@14c.

TALLOW is quiet at 11½@12½c for country and city rendered.

WOOL—Sales are limited to small lots low grade fleece at 60@65c, and tub at 70c@$1.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 800 head. The prices realized from $15 to 20,00 ₩ 100 lbs 4500 Hogs at from $17,00 to 18,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—2000 head were disposed of at from 12 to 14 cts ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 50 ₩ head.

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

Three Days' Hard Fighting.

12,000 Prisoners and 50 Guns Captured.

The Army of the Potomac is again engaged in severe fighting. We have several dispatches from the President, who remains at City Point. An attack along the whole line was ordered by General Grant on Sunday morning. Sheridan and the Fifth Corps captured three brigades of Infantry, a train of wagons and several batteries. Wright, Parker and Ord broke through the rebel lines taking some forts, guns and prisoners. The dispatch of 11 A. M., on Sunday, states that all was going on finely, and Wright was tearing up the South-side railroad. The fifth official dispatch, at two P. M., states that everything has been carried from the left of the Ninth Corps. The Sixth Corps took more than three thousand prisoners. The Second and Twenty-fourth took men, guns and forts. The line is contracting about Petersburg. Sheridan was on the Boydton plank-road, three miles southwest of Petersburg. The sixth official dispatch, at 8.30 P. M., states that in a few hours the army would be intrenched from the Appomattox, below Petersburg, to the river above. Twelve thousand men and fifty cannon have been taken, and possibly more. All was well and quiet at night.

Gen. Smith's corps reached Dabney's Mills, on Fish river, within twenty-six miles of Mobile, on the 23d.

Major Keogh, commanding Stoneman's advance, captured Boon, Watauga county, N. C., on the 27th ult.

CAUSES OF CORPULENCY.

BY BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

It is a fact that carniverous animals never are fat. As an example, look at wolves, jackals, birds of prey, &c.

Herbivorous animals do not grow fat, unless they live to an old age; but if you feed them on potatoes and farinaceous substances, they fatten in a very short time.

The principal causes of corpulency may be easily stated:—

The first is a natural conformation of the individual.

Every man is born with certain predispositions, which may be traced in his physiognomy.

Out of one hundred persons who die of consumption, ninety have brown hair, an oval face, and sharp nose.

Out of one hundred "corpulents," ninety have a round face, globular eyes, and pug nases.

"It is therefore beyond a doubt that some persons are predestined to be fat, and that, taking all things equally, their digestive powers produce a greater portion of fat.

This physical truth is at times an annoyance. When I meet in society a charming little girl, with rosy cheeks and rounded arms, dimpled hands, a *nez retrousse*, and pretty little feet (the admiration of all present,) instructed by experience, I cast a glance ten years forward, and I foresee the ravages of corpulency upon those youthful charms, and I sigh upon other evils looming in the future. This anticipated comparison is a painful feeling, and provides an additional proof that man would be a most miserable being if he could foresee the future.

The second and principal cause of corpulency consists in the farinaceous substances which man eats at his daily meals. All animals that are fed upon farinaceous food become fat whether they will or not. Man is subject to the same law.

Farinaceous food has a much quicker effect when mixed with sugar.

Sugar and grease contain hydrogen, a principle common to both; both are inflammable. Thus amalgamated, it is more effective because it is palatable, and sweets are seldom eaten until the natural appetite has been satisfied, and the artificial appetite alone is left, which requires art and temptation to gratify.

Farinaceous matter (grain) is not the less fattening when absorbed in liquids, as in beer. Beer-drinking nations may boast of the biggest stomachs. In 1817, when the price of wine was high at Paris, and many families took to beer from economical motives, some of the members attained a corpulency quite unexpected.

Another cause of corpulency is too much sleep, and a want of sufficient exercise.

The human frame is greatly restored by sleep, and, at the same time, it loses little, because muscular action is suspended. It therefore becomes necessary that the superfluous fat acquired should be worked off by exercise; but, from the very fact of sleeping much, the time of action is consequently more limited.

By another consequence, great sleepers avoid everything which has even the shadow of fatigue about it; the excess of assimilation is therefore carried away by the torrent of circulation; by an operation of which Nature holds the secret, some additional *centiemes* of hydrogen are created and the grease is formed, to be lodged, by the same movement, in the capsules of the cellular tissue.

A last cause of corpulency consists in excess in eating and drinking.

It has been rightly said, that one of the privileges of the human species is to eat without being hungry, and to drink without being thirsty: in fact, it could not belong to the brute creation, as it depends upon the perception of the pleasures of the table, and the desire to prolong them.

Wherever men have been found, this double inclination exists. Savages will eat with excess, and get brutally drunk, whenever they have the opportunity.

As regards ourselves, citizens of the two hemispheres, who believe that we are at the apogee of civilization, it is certain that we eat too much.

☞ The "oldest inhabitant" has been found at last. He exists in the person of Joseph Crele, a resident of Wisconsin, and is one hundred and thirty-nine years old, as the record of his baptism in the Catholic Church at Detroit, where he was born, it is said, shows.

☞ Mr. H. W. Beecher terms the city of New York "a nest of robbers, a den of thieves, whose example familiarizes our citizens with pillage, and prostitutes the morality of our youth."

☞ The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of men I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong,
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with hare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem;
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas, I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan, and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin:

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look when cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above:
I know not of His hate—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronted palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

—*Independent.*

MY STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

I commenced my life at the Glosers with the earnest determination to bear with all the vexations peculiar to it, and pursue my duties faithfully. I fancied it might just be the best school for such a nature as mine.

I found Clare and Lucy Gloser quite untrained as I had expected, but they were possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, and had a natural goodness of heart that soon won my love. I began to feel how pleasant it would be to have some one dependent upon me; after all, life is but half complete, when we live for ourselves alone.

As Mrs. Gloser had given the children entirely over to me, I began the system of their education as I thought best. Observing their delicate appearance, and shy, shrinking habit, I decided the physical structure demanded my first attention; so to their surprise and delight, I proposed a walk in the woods on the morning after my arrival. The eagerness with which they met the proposal convinced me of the necessity of beginning in this peculiar manner. I remembered the happy days of my childhood spent in rambles about Brakewood, and I could not but think that I owed my fresh, vigorous organization to this kind of life.

Mrs. Gloser met us in the hall, when we were ready equipped.

"Going to take a walk?" she said in evident surprise.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied, "I think we shall be fresher for our studies."

"Ah!—I hope you will not take cold, or meet with anything disagreeable; the children are not accustomed to walks."

Evidently she did not favor it, but I did not feel at all disturbed.

The children enjoyed it wildly.

"Do you know, Miss Chance," they said, "we never have been in the woods before; but we have looked at them from the upper windows of the house, and thought how nice they would be to play in. Once we spoke of them to mamma, but she said woods were no place for young ladies; and Agatha said it was horrid of us to think of it—that they were full of snakes, and dead leaves, and spiders. Agatha screams when she sees a spider; but we like them; we have one in a corner in the garret, which is weaving a lovely web, and we bring her dead flies and other insects to eat. Mamma does not know about it, we have kept it secret for fear she would make one of the servants brush it away."

They were so affectionate and outspringing in their natures, that I soon became acquainted with the tastes and sympathies of my little companions, and learned their capacity for study.

Nothing escaped their eyes in all the walk, and I was questioned as to all things in nature.

It was noon when we returned, and after lunch we made a visit to the school-room to look over the books and arrange the studies.

Agatha and Laura Gloser were considered beauties. Agatha, the eldest, was tall and fair, with that stiffness which is sometimes called grace. Her features were faultlessly regular, but altogether inexpressive; her eyes large, cold, and blue. She had a very haughty manner, which, I think, she rather prided herself upon. Laura was a warmer and more agreeable style of beauty—dark hair and eyes, and a glowing complexion. Agatha treated me with cold politeness, while Laura, ever ready for companionship, threw herself more into my society. At this time she was under all the excitement attendant upon her entrance into the gay world. A large party in honor of her debut was in anticipation, and from day to day I heard little spoken of but the glory of Laura's expected triumphs.

I continued the children's walks daily, and in time had the satisfaction of seeing the pallor of their faces give place to a healthy color, and their listlessness change to animation. Mrs. Gloser must have observed the change, but she took no notice of it.

True to his promise Mr. Stanhope paid me an early visit. It was after school-hours one day, when the children rushed up to my room with a card, telling me there was *such* a handsome gentleman in the parlor.

We expressed mutual joy at meeting; I was delighted to see the face of a friend.

"Your new life tells gracefully upon you," said he; "you are looking remarkably well."

"It has been quite pleasant thus far, and now give me all the news of the town, if you please."

"A large demand," he said, laughing, "but I will try to satisfy you;" thereupon we launched into a delightful talk. At last, looking at his watch he started up, saying—"But I have forgotten, I intended asking you to ride with me. We will yet have an hour before sunset." So we started upon a pleasant drive, continuing our broken conversation by the way.

"Your friend Claymore anticipated a trip to Europe in the spring."

"Ah!" said I, with an effort at unconcern.

"Strange that he never married," my companion went on. "Do you know, not very long since I fancied he was interested in a certain person, but I presume I was wrong."

"Did you observe the view from the hill?" I interrupted.

"Yes, a fine scene—Claymore must be more than ordinarily hard to please to resist the attractions surrounding him. It is amusing to see the manœuvring of mammas, and his complete indifference. By Jove! I could half wish to see him caught, he is so provokingly imperturbable."

"How malicious!" I laughed.

"Not at all; it is positively unnatural for a man to hold out under such charms as sparkle before his eyes. Now if *I* were so smiled upon—"

"You would appreciate it, I suppose."

"Certainly. Did you say Mrs. Gloser has proved an ogress?"

"No, I did not say any such thing; thus far she has not appeared disposed to eat me."

"And the young ladies—they are angelic perhaps?"

"I confess they are quite like myself."

"Umph! I doubt that; however, I shall decide for myself, as I understand I am to meet them next week at a musical entertainment which is to be given at Miss Clavel's."

When we reached home it was quite dark, and I said Mrs. Gloser would be shocked at my impropriety in remaining out so late.

"Refer her to me," said Mr. Stanhope, coolly. "I suppose I am to be the bearer of a number of messages of love, &c., to your different friends in town?"

"My love to Mrs. Lacey," I said; "I doubt there is any one else who cares so much for me."

"Ain't there, though! well, I'm not going to make you vain by telling you all that I hear."

The shadow of Mrs. Gloser in the hall warned me that lady was growing anxious about me, so I said a hasty good-night, and went in.

"You are late, Miss Chance," she said, with a bland smile, looking at her watch to confirm her words as I entered.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied, quietly, "it was late when we started."

At tea Laura met me with numerous questions about the handsome gentleman. "The children said so much about him, that I could not resist going to the window to see you drive off. He is splendid. Agatha, how nice it will be for you to meet at Miss Clavel's next week. Oh, I wish my time for society were come, I am missing so much."

"Don't fret, child," returned her elder sister, "there will be a number of attractive men in the market when you make your appearance."

"How cutting you are, Agatha; you know you are just as anxious as I am, only you take more pains to hide it."

Agatha elevated her head in scorn, and silence reigned.

Mrs. Gloser's pride centred in Agatha; she was a daughter after her own heart, and evidently she was set upon her making a brilliant match. Laura jarred upon her mother and sister, she was a close observer of their actions, and as she had no mind to be condemned to the back-ground, she often gave offence by her sharp speeches. There was little to admire in Laura, there was not anything in Agatha.

It was the morning after Miss Clavel's party, and Agatha was the centre of attraction at the breakfast-table.

"Was it very delightful?" asked Laura, in her animated way.

"It was very pleasant," said Agatha, modestly. "Mr. Claymore was there, mamma."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Gloser, with sudden interest, "he has been keeping himself quite secluded lately."

"Yes, I rallied him upon his unsociable habit, and he owned he had been leading a stupid sort of life, and promised to renew his interest in society."

"And what about Miss Chance's handsome knight—was he there?" broke in Laura.

"Of course."

"Was he introduced to you, Ag?"

"Laura, let me beg you will not nickname me, it is very vulgar."

"So it is," said Laura, confusedly. "Go on about Mr. Stanhope."

"Yes, Mr. Stanhope was presented to me, but I did not find him at all interesting."

"That is because he has light hair and blue eyes; you know you never admire gentlemen of your own style; quite right of you, too; it would be very insipid for two flaxen-haired people to fall in love."

Agatha made no reply, but Mrs. Gloser made an appeal to Laura on her freedom of speech, which that young lady received and swallowed with her buttered roll.

As the time for Laura's debut drew near, the family were thrown into a feverish state concerning it. Only the children, to my great surprise, appeared quite indifferent. They were innocent little things, of simple, happy tastes, and a walk in the woods, or an evening spent in my room, with a fairy story, gave them more enjoyment than any they might have in after years.

"It's not so nice to be a grown-up young lady," said Clare one day; "at least Agatha and Laura are not so agreeable. They seldom take any notice of us, except to tell us to keep out of their way. Did you ever 'come out' in society, Miss Chance? I guess not, for you haven't any queer ways like them. Lucy and me talk about you at night; Lucy says it would be nice if you were our sister. If we had a brother you should marry him, Miss Chance. There was a little brother long ago, but he died before papa; sometimes we ask mamma about him, but Agatha stops us; she says we are always getting on unhealthy subjects, and make her nervous. What is it to be nervous?"

I had some difficulty in explaining to them, as they generally pushed their questions with a thought beyond their years.

From day to day a weary looking dress-maker was employed upon Agatha and Laura's dresses. Poor thing! she must have felt the awful responsibility in the matter of the perfect fit and finish of her work, for she received orders of the most impressive nature. At last they were finished, and the household called to bow down in admiration before them. Agatha's was a white crape, ornamented with forget-me-nots; Laura's a pink gauze, with lilies-of-the-valley. Both were elegant, and highly suited to the wearers.

"What will you wear, Miss Chance?" asked Agatha, condescendingly.

"I have scarcely thought about it," I replied; "besides, being in mourning, I can make but a trifling alteration in my dress."

"True," she said; "what a pity fashion demands this peculiar expression of our loss and grief."

"The dress," I said, "does not mark our sorrow; alas, for our dead, if we measured our grief only by the depth of our crape folds."

"Well, for my part," continued Agatha, "I think it bad enough to have to go dressed in black for two years, without keeping up a doleful countenance. Our death is as natural and inevitable as our birth; the one is rejoiced at, I don't see why the other should be so mourned. We all must die."

"Dear me," cried Laura, "what sweet philosophy! But then you surely don't include yourself in the batch, Agatha, when you say 'we.' You know you never would take death to yourself; you seem to have some vague notion that you will escape when your time comes. I know you'll resist to the last, and the poor old 'grim monster' will have a time of it getting you off. For you must go, my dear, whether you like it or not."

"Laura," cried her sister with some heat, "how disgusting you are!"

"I know, dear," returned the other complacently, taking a waltzing step round the room—"that my conversation is marked more for *truth* than elegance. I am quite your opposite in this, as in other respects."

The children, likewise, asked me about my dress, but with more interest; and I told them laughing I supposed I had better wear my school-dress, as it was such a perplexing matter to decide.

"Oh, don't! Miss Chance," they cried; "you must look pretty, like the rest, and we are to see you dressed."

Fortunately, I had a pale gray silk, which with a slight alteration would do very well.

The decoration of the rooms commenced early on the morning of the eventful day; and Mrs. Gloser so far relaxed from her native stiffness as to ask my judgment in the matter. When I ventured to suggest that ferns and tropical plants in tall vases should be put in the halls and landings, she begged me to give entire directions to the gardener, and superintend the arrangement. So the children and I were left to the delightful work.

For a few hours after dinner a lull fell upon the house, the family having gone to their rooms to rest. Thus we were left to ourselves. A snow storm had set in, and the children were doubtful about any guests coming. "People don't mind storms where pleasure is concerned," I said. "They will come well wrapped up, in sleighs and carriages."

As time hung heavy on our hands, I was begged for the story of my childhood; so I went back to the days at Brakewood for their amusement. In the evening the children and I took tea alone in the library, and then they went to my room with me to superintend my toilet.

"We had a peep into Agatha's room," said Lucy. "She is sitting bolt-upright in a chair, with that solemn-faced hair-dresser doing up her hair. She looked afraid to move, so just for fun I called out—'Aggie!' she jerked her head suddenly, and, seeing me, she called to mamma, who was standing by. Mamma came out looking very severe, and told me I had made my sister nervous for the rest of the evening. I can't understand about this 'nervous,' Miss Chance; I'm sure I wouldn't get so if any one just called my name."

My dress was pronounced beautiful by my little critics, but they were distressed that I would wear nothing in my hair. They went to bed quite cheerfully, only requesting that their door might be left open, that the sound of the music could be heard.

"We shall know when *you* play," said Clare, "because nobody else plays so."

I did not go down stairs till the rooms were almost filled, and then I slipped in almost unnoticed. But in a little while my friends found me out, and soon I had quite a circle of my own. Mrs. Gloser glanced over to where I stood, in marked disapproval. When dancing commenced of course I fell into the place I knew was intended for me—the piano. As the dancers whirled past me a gay voice startled my ear, saying—"You are looking well, but playing badly." No need to turn, I knew it was Mr. Stanhope. I rallied in my playing, so that by the time he again made his appearance, he nodded a laughing approval. Presently a figure came forward and leaned upon the end of the piano; I looked up into the face of Mr. Claymore.

"How are you?" he asked, looking keenly at me.

"Oh, well," I said carelessly, "though perhaps a trifle tired just now; and you?"

He did not reply, but stood gazing abstractedly at the keys. I saw that he looked pale and thin.

"Is it pleasant here?" he continued after a pause.

"I may say yes," I answered; "I have only to do with the children, you know, and they prove delightful companions."

Another pause, during which a figure in white glided up, and Agatha's bland voice said:

"Ah, Mr. Claymore, I am afraid you are disposed to fall back into your old habit of retirement."

He turned to enter into conversation, and I centred my thoughts upon my music. In a little while they crossed the room, and I next saw them dancing together.

"Are you condemned to this sort of thing all the evening?" asked Mr. Stanhope, coming up suddenly.

"I hope not. Are you tired of dancing?"

"No, I have only paused to ask you for the next set."

I shook my head.

"You *must*," he said, "or my happiness for this evening will be gone."

"There is Miss Laura."

"Confound Miss Laura! That is—I beg your pardon—I don't care to have her presented in your place. Why won't you dance?"

"Mrs. Gloser would stare," I said.

"Oh, is that all! Well let her; it's becoming to a woman of her years. I will mollify her with a compliment, as I pass by with you on my arm."

Laughing at his audacity I told him it was all of no avail; so he departed reluctantly.

I only saw Mr. Claymore at intervals, and then always in the neighborhood of Agatha.

"Well, why not?" I said to myself. "It is not anything to you, Jean." So I played with double spirit.

While the guests were in the supper room I ran up stairs for a moment to see the children, and found them wide awake. "Is it nice? Are you enjoying yourself?" they asked. Then, seeing that I looked tired, Clare said: "Put your head down on our pillow, and rest a little before you must go down again." Dear little hearts, so fresh and true, how I loved them!

On going down stairs I encountered Mr. Claymore coming out of the dining room; he stopped on seeing me.

"You are going to take some refreshment?" he said, offering me his arm.

I accepted it indifferently, and we passed into the room. On entering I encountered Mrs. Gloser's astonished gaze, and in a moment more Agatha's sharp eyes wandered from the gaze of a dusky-faced, dark mustached gentleman, and fastened upon us. Perhaps it was wicked, but I turned to my companion with an animation that must have surprised him, and entered into a gay conversation. A glow of pleasure overspread his face; the paleness and sadness I had noticed passed away; he looked happy. I marked it, and a better impulse than had at first prompted me, caused me to keep up the interest.

It is something to think a little word or look of yours has power, of all the world, to move and hold a heart. I would have been more than human if I had not felt a throb at the thought that this man's noble nature owned my influence. For a little while I forgot myself—forgot that I had once said harsh and bitter things, that I had turned aside the truest love ever offered woman. I talked and listened by turns, and paid no heed to the threatening glances which from time to time were sent in our direction. We were interrupted by Mr. Stanhope.

"I declare," he said, "you two look so happy that in breaking in upon you I feel like the serpent entering Eden. Not that I have any wicked intent, but simply it seems a pity to disturb you."

"What a conscientious serpent it is!" I said. "Pray enter."

"You got the start of me, Claymore; I was about going to hunt up this young lady when I saw you coming in with her."

"Our meeting was accidental," replied Mr. Claymore. "I had gone into the hall to breathe fresh air, when I met Miss Chance coming down stairs. Allow me to resign her to you, on the admission of your prior claim."

"Oh, don't go, Claymore; we are an interesting group, if I may judge from the direction of certain eyes. Remain where you are; we three are kindred spirits, you know."

But Mr. Claymore left us in a few moments, and I saw Agatha meet him half way across the room.

"There is a great deal of beauty here to-night," I said to Mr. Stanhope, glancing over the room.

"A great deal—in this corner."

"What do you think of Miss Laura?" I added.

"I think she is on her way to this part of the room; so, if you will take my arm, we will return to the parlors."

When dancing was resumed I continued my place at the piano, only resigning it when Agatha was led over to sing. Agatha's voice was like her face—cold and passionless; yet she had a certain style of execution which was sometimes admired. I left the room before any of the guests thought of retiring, and sat long before the fire in my quiet chamber, listening to the gay sounds below. I had not quite my old relish for these things—they were not so satisfying as in times gone by.

"Ah," I thought to myself, "here is another step in the change Mr. Claymore spoke of."

I suppose there was never known to be a cheerful, pleasant breakfast on the morning after a party. The meal at this time seems just so much of an insult offered upon white china, the partakers acting as if resenting it.

Mrs. Gloser hid her irritability behind the coffee urn, while the others showed open discontent over their plates. Yes, even Laura's brightness was clouded.

Presently Mrs. Gloser was heard. "I was not aware that Mr. Claymore was one of your friends, Miss Chance."

"I have known him since my childhood," I said.

Agatha raised her head in evident surprise.

"Why, you never said so before."

"I did not consider it necessary," I replied coolly.

Her face flushed; and Mrs. Gloser continued with marked disapproval in her tone.

"I presumed the acquaintance was of some standing, from the manner with which you treated him last night."

Half angry, half amused, I deigned no reply.

"I don't think him handsome," said Laura, gaining voice, "except when he smiles, and then he is wonderful."

I plainly saw that my friendship for Mr. Claymore was an offence, and that in the future I would be watched with jealous eyes.

Having entered the charmed circle, Laura gave herself up to the delights of balls and parties, and a winter of gayety opened to the Glosers. Little Lucy said to me one day—

"Miss Chance, do people enter society only to get married?"

"Why, Lucy?" I asked.

"Oh, because Agatha and Laura were so anxious to come out; and now they only talk of gentlemen. Laura, I guess, will marry Mr. Stanhope, and Agatha, Mr. Claymore; at least, that is the way they seem to be arranging it. Mamma—"

Thinking I had heard enough of family secrets, I suddenly diverted Lucy's thoughts to the subject of German Legendry, and soon had her lost in the depths of the Thuringian forest. When we found our way out, Clare said,

"Are there really any spirits, Miss Chance? Lucy thinks there is one in our woods, for at night she hears strange sounds, and sees lights sparkling up. I hope there is, it would be so nice to have one of our own, just as we have our little spider."

"How does the spider come on, Clare?"

"Oh, she is lovely, black, and soft as velvet. She begins to know us now, and runs to the edge of the web when she sees us coming with flies. She has a dark little closet poked behind her web, where she sleeps and keeps her insects. And we have given her a name—we call her 'Jean,' for you, Miss Chance, because there is no one we love so well."

I uttered my acknowledgments for the honor done me.

When I went to my room, Lucy's disclosures of her sisters' plans came up to my mind. I didn't see why I should care at all about it, and I argued with myself that I didn't, but the heart is deceitful above all things. I experienced a pang that belied my words. I recalled all that I had seen and heard—Mrs. Gloser's manœuvring, Agatha's conversation, for strange to say Agatha's affairs dwelt most in my mind.

I spent the Christmas holidays at Mrs. Lacey's, in company with the children. It proved a very pleasant time to us.

It was the day after our return, when I met the children on the stairs in tears and lamentations.

"Oh, Miss Chance," cried Lucy, "our spider, our poor spider!"

"What is the matter with her?" I inquired.

"Oh, she is dead, killed! Just after dinner Agatha met us on our way up stairs with the flies for our pet, and without thinking, we were counting them aloud. She stopped us to know what it all was about, and then it came out. She ran screaming down stairs, and mamma sent Kate up with a broom to kill the poor little thing. Oh, wasn't it cruel? and her web nearly finished, just a little bit at the corner to do. But the worst of it is, Agatha says you are to blame, that you have encouraged in us all sorts of odd fancies."

I comforted them with the assurance that another spider would one day take the vacant corner in the garret; and they were fast drying their tears when Laura made her appearance.

"Poor little geese!" she laughed; "what a pity they belong to a Christian family, their tastes are so suited to Heathendom."

I was not surprised when at tea that evening, Mrs. Gloser began, with a slight cough,

"There is a little matter in connection with the children, which I find necessary to mention to you, Miss Chance."

Having forestalled her intention, I hastened to forestall her speech.

"I am aware, ma'am, it is the story of the spider; allow me to say in reference to it, that the insect was domesticated in the garret long before I came here. Though for some time cognizant of its existence, I felt neither liberty nor disposition to disturb it, especially as it was a source of innocent amusement to the children."

"Really, Miss Chance, I cannot agree with you upon the propriety of cultivating a taste for unsightly objects. There should a shrinking in the refined, from all that is loathsome and ugly. I think I would wish the children to grow up with delicate tastes."

Highly amused, I replied—

"You disposed of the matter yourself, ma'am, some hours since. Having no control whatever, upon the habit of spiders to locate in garrets, and of children to form attachment for them, I beg to be excused any further voice in the matter."

Mrs. Gloser assumed a stately, offended air, while Agatha's look spoke "war to the death!" in the matter.

"Hah!" said Laura, "all this to-do about a *spider?* Well"—with mock seriousness—"I haven't the poor creature's death on my head. Agatha, you will certainly see that thread-legs' spirit to-night, wrapped in a winding sheet of her own weaving. Don't come into my room when the apparition comes; I have had no hand in the matter, and won't be mixed up in it."

"Laura, you are insufferable, at times."

"So are you—especially on the subject of spiders."

"Mamma!" said Agatha, appealingly.

"Laura, I *insist*," said Mrs. Gloser, with energy.

"Don't talk to me about it, mamma; I have said I wash my hands of this monstrous deed; but alas for Lady Macbeth!"—with a tragic glance at her sister.

Seeing a storm pending, I fled to my own room.

"Mrs. Gloser was not a person to forget anything, even trifles light as spiders; and I soon observed a marked change in her manner toward me. Agatha wore an injured air when in my presence, which increased daily; altogether my life was not very enviable at this period. I bore it with as good grace as possible, for as I said before, I had anticipated much that would be annoying in this kind of life.

The spring was opening, and one bright afternoon that had the breath of April in it, I found myself quite alone in the house; Mrs. Gloser and Agatha having gone to make calls, while Laura, in a sudden fit of kindness, had taken the children out for a visit to some maiden lady of the neighborhood.

Lounging in an easy-chair, I gave myself up to the delight of reading "Aurora Leigh." Suddenly the sound of a voice in the hall announced visitors.

Provoking! The door was thrown open, down went my book, and in walked Mr. Stanhope.

"Charming!" he said, coming forward. "Not a Gloser to be seen." And throwing himself into a chair opposite me, he fell to mixing up the weather, the Glosers, and other topics, in his usual absurd style.

The hours wore on lightly, and we had just gone to the piano to try a favorite duett, when Mrs. Gloser and Agatha returned. Mrs. Gloser formed a striking picture as she stood in the door-way with lifted eyebrows. With his usual sang froid, Mr. Stanhope advanced, overwhelming the ladies with greetings and compliments.

"I thought you intended walking this afternoon, Miss Chance," said Mrs. Gloser, with a slight sneer lurking in her voice.

"I did," I replied, "but gave up the walk for a book."

"Ah!"

"Yes," said Mr. Stanhope—"when compelled to give up reading to entertain me, she turned quite disagreeable on my hands, and I was obliged to propose music in the hope of bringing about a happier mood."

This speech proved almost irresistible to me, but I carefully avoided the eye of the daring speaker.

He had been but a little while gone, when Laura and the children returned.

"What a pity, Laura," said Agatha, "your handsome knight has been here and gone."

Laura sat down on the music-stool, with a blank countenance.

"Now, Agatha, you don't mean to say I paid that horrid old Miss Bailley a visit only to miss seeing Mr. Stanhope?"

"I do indeed. We found Miss Chance entertaining him quite as well as you could have done—at least he appeared to think so."

Agatha took this occasion to revenge herself upon her sister for all her speeches, and at the same time relieve herself of a little spleen on my account. Darting a look expressive of rage at me, Laura hastily left the room.

But Laura's triumph was complete, when, two weeks after, she met me on coming out of the school-room one day, and informed me that Mr. Claymore had called to say farewell, previous to starting for Europe. I stood against the door, and she fixed her cold, keen eyes upon me as she made the announcement. If she looked for the effect of her words, she looked in vain; I would never fall before this woman. So I uttered some commonplace remark in reply, and she passed me in wonder. When I went to my room, I allowed the blow to tell.

So he would not see me; he had gone without a word of good-bye, and we might never meet again. Now, when it was too late, I knew that I regretted the friendship and love which had been offered me. Now that it was too late, I made the discovery that my heart had slipped from my keeping while I was unaware.

It was several days after this when the children, running to my room, told me there was a gentleman below who called to see me. Wondering very much, I went down stairs, and, to my great surprise, found Mr. Claymore.

"I thought perhaps you had sailed," I stammered.

"No," he said. "I could not go without taking leave of you, though you would not see me the other day."

"I was not aware you were here," I said. "I heard of your visit afterwards."

He looked puzzled.

"How long will you remain abroad?" I asked after a pause.

"For the remainder of my days, I think," he said slowly.

"Will you choose Italy for your stay?" I then said.

He arose, and taking up his old position by the mantelpiece, he gazed thoughtfully down, while he replied;

"I don't know anything about it. A ship will sail one of these days, and a lonely man will stand upon the deck, but catch no glance of loved faces looking a tender good-bye. I commenced life a lonely, uncared-for thing, and so will end it. I have no plans, no hopes, no lies."

I could not lift my eyes, because of their weight of tears, but I said in a choking voice:

"There are many who will miss you."

"Many!" he echoed. "I care but for *one*. I am a fool that I speak, and I know your tears only indicate pity, but it will be for the last time. I thought by a strong resolve I could kill my affection, but every day it is a fresh struggle. Don't weep. I love you too well to see you sad but for a moment; and I will even try to rejoice in your happiness when it comes. If I had not been blind, I might have seen it all long ago. He is better worthy of your love than I, though Heaven knows he can never love you better. He—"

"There is some mistake," I cried. "I do not understand it. There is no one—oh, why should I hesitate to say it—there is no one I love but you. Once I refused your love—now I beg for it."

I could say no more, for I was taken into the arms which had so long waited for me, and all speech was for a moment dumb.

I was obliged to go through the excitement of leaving the Glosers, and the pain of parting with the children was very great. I was received by the Laceys with triumph, Mrs. Lacey telling me that her dearest wishes concerning my happiness were now fulfilled.

Mr. Stanhope said he could have objected, only he saw the end from the beginning.

And so it came, that one day a vessel set sail, and on her deck stood a very happy man and woman, who found their world in each other's eyes.

"All's well that ends well."

☞ With great trees the seed is smaller and the blossoms later than with small bushes.

WITCHCRAFT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE LOUISE.

Does she love me tender and true?
I wish and I wish that I knew;
She laughs when I talk of my love,
But frowns if I call her my dove.

This morning I asked her to walk,
Of the sad, sad past was our talk;
Her mood was so winning and sweet,
My heart was again at her feet.

I prayed, "My dear, say yes or no,
Tell me, tell me to stay or go."
She laughed a little soft and low,
And said, "If you can you may go."

Yet she looked through such tender eyes,
My angry heart in hushed surprise
Lay very still, and made no sign;
O dare I trust you, eyes divine!

I plucked a blossom from a tree,
And sadly said, "Remember me;
Before we part, oh, cruel girl,
Give me, I pray, one golden curl."

On me she bent a quiet look,
Then from her belt her scissors took
And quickly, sharply cut, snip, snap,
A warm, bright tress lay in her lap.

She put it in my open palm,
With a fair face of smiling calm,
Then with a laugh hid in her eye,
She softly said, "Dear friend, good bye."

A moment through the glancing green
Her white robe shone like fairy sheen;
And then the sunshine grew less bright,
And the lilies looked not so white.

The dear witch knows as well as I,
When twilight falls who will be nigh,
Who with the early evening star,
Will keep tryst at her lattice bar.

"Taking Thought for the Morrow."

There are two sorts of "taking thought for the morrow"—the one proper, and necessary to success; the other useless, sinful, and ruinous to one's happiness. The first kind consists in a thoughtful and serious concern for the wants and contingencies of the future, leading to earnest efforts to make provision for them. The second kind consists in painful misgivings, forebodings, and fears in respect to the wants and contingencies of the future, when it is wholly out of our power to make any provision for them. So long as any practical good will result from painful and serious thought as to how this want shall be met, or that evil averted, a man does well to be anxious as to what he shall do in the future; but when it is beyond one's power to meet the want, or avert the evil, or secure the good contemplated, when the most serious concern, and active diligence, and untiring earnestness, can effect nothing, then anxiety becomes useless, sinful, and ruinous to happiness.

And yet how much of just such "taking thought" there is, even among Christians! What a besetting sin of many persons it is to brood over the future, and, with heart full of foreboding, and mind burdened with anxious thoughts, wonder "what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed!" How many lives, which would otherwise be happy, are made miserable by a habit of contemplating events with painful anxiety that are yet in the future, and over which they have no control!

Let, then, harassing care have no place in our minds. Firstly, because it is useless. It can do no possible good. "Which of you," said our Lord, when trying to guard His disciples from this very evil, "*by taking thought*, can add one cubit unto his stature?"—can effect the slightest change in the things about which he is troubled? The strong inference from our Lord's question is, that no one ever yet did himself any good by mere anxiety about things in the future, over which he has now no control.

Secondly, we should not allow an undue care about the future to have place in our minds, because we have no right to put in one day what belongs to another. "Give us *this day* our *daily* bread," is the petition, and not, "Give us this day bread for a week, or month, or year." The future has its own wants, and its own provisions for them—so also has the present—so has each particular day of our lives; and it is wrong for us to put into one day what belongs to another. This is true of all the wants and contingencies of human life. The future will have its own cares and anxieties—plenty of them, likely—and they will be forthcoming in due time; but they have no business among the cares and anxieties of to-day.

Thirdly, we should not allow an undue care about the future to have place in our minds, because God does not give us grace and strength to-day to bear trials that will not befall us for years to come. The grace and strength that we have to-day are bestowed with an exclusive reference to the painfulness or magnitude of to-day's trials. The trials that God will send upon us to-morrow, or next month, or next year, if they are heavier or severer than those of to-day will be accompanied by larger supplies of grace and strength. "As thy day is, thy strength shall be." So that, when we trouble ourselves about the events of the future, we take upon ourselves a burden for which to-day's grace and strength are not adequate—God not giving us, in advance, assistance to bear troubles yet in the future. No wonder that in such circumstances our hearts grow sad, and our faces pallid, and our heads white, as we vainly attempt to stagger along under burdens that are too heavy for us, and are crushing us in the dust.

Fourthly, we should not allow an undue care about the future to have place in our minds, because it implies a want of confidence in God. The present is ours—the future is God's. He has it all in His own hands. He claims it as His prerogative to dispose of its affairs. And when we are anxious about what evil or good shall befall us in the future, we in effect doubt God's wisdom, or power, or goodness. We show a want of confidence in Him. We ought to consider that God's past faithfulness is the pledge of future faithfulness. "After so much mercy past, will He let us sink at last?"

☞ Alas! that art should abuse nature, and that the hair of dead women should grace the heads of living beauty. What next will Fashion ordain?

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HAROLD!

"He will not come." Over and over again the girl said this to herself, and over and over again she felt a blinding shame that she hoped she might be telling herself a lie. He would not come, she tried to feel sure of it. He ought not to come, she knew that full well. But it would be so sweet to see him, it was so hard to know that he was so near and yet so far.

That drive home from Lownds had been dreary, not so much "dreary," Sydney averred, as disgusting. Mrs. Vaughan had striven—strivem arduously, and with partial success—to make her voice heard above the grinding of the wheels. Now the roads were dry and stony between Lownds and Hensley, and the result of this striving on the part of Mrs. Vaughan was that Theo was nearly maddened by, and Sydney simply maddening to, Aunt Libby.

For Miss Scott had an aversion to being screamed at (especially in reprobation) over the stones, therefore she avoided as much of the unpleasantness as she could by putting over her ears the plump white hands which Mr. Linley had been holding. It was this gesture which made Mrs. Vaughan deem herself more of a wronged woman than ever, it was this that made her see Sydney's misdemeanors of a crimson hue.

Mrs. Vaughan had her little idiosyncrasies. There was no doubt about her possessing them, and no doubt about her fatal facility for developing them on the smallest provocation. She elected to give them full play to-day, so she went to bed with a headache immediately on her arrival at home, and sent a message to the cook to the effect that the luncheon at Lownds had been an early dinner in fact, and that consequently they would not require the dinner she had ordered before leaving in the morning, or indeed anything at all till they had a cup of tea at nine.

The two girls, in ignorance of this private embassage, came down at half-past six, dressed as usual, and finding the dining-room a blank they fell to wondering why it was so, and to wandering about the drawing-room like two stray spirits. Everyone knows the discomfort of a period of this description. Daylight is not dead in the sky, yet it is too dark to see to do anything; nor is it cold, yet a fire would be pleasanter than a grate full of shreds of white tarleton. Again, dinner is what you are in the habit of expecting at this hour, and though you are not hungry you expect it now, and your heart swells with more anger than sorrow at seeing no signs of it. Theo and her friend had both been set wrong in a measure, and this was not the sort of thing to set them right.

"There goes the ghost of our chance of a dinner to-day, Theo," Sydney said when the servant came into the room about a quarter to eight with the lamp, and asked them if they would like some bread-and-butter cut for tea. They were both lying down on sofas, and one girl was very miserable, and the other very cross.

"Bread-and-butter! no, none for me, thank you," Theo said; and then the servant looked at Sydney, who shook her head vehemently.

"No, none for me either; bring me a bed-room candlestick."

"You're not going to bed at this hour surely, Sydney," Theo said, turning round on her couch, and gazing with amazement on the little blonde who had lifted herself up on the opposite sofa, and was now employed in carefully dishevelling her long fair tresses.

"I should think I am indeed; I'm utterly worn out; these arrangements don't agree with me. I have been made very ill often by an unavoidable delay in the dinner-hour, and this is an avoidable one, therefore it's ten times worse. I feel shivered, and ill, and *dull* to a degree you can't comprehend in your abominable placidity, Theo. Mrs. Vaughan might have mentioned that she was in the habit of cutting off one's rations when one annoyed her."

"It would have been a break to have sat down and dined," Theo answered; "not that I am hungry."

Pending the arrival of her candle, Miss Scott stood up, and commenced divesting herself of her rings and bracelets. She was very delicately careful over these things: she polished them up with her filmy handkerchief one by one as she took them off.

"What's the matter with you, Theo? Do you take that affair (isn't this a fine opal there, you can see it when I flash it so!) to heart much, after all? How about the presents? You have never told me whether you returned them or not."

"Oh, don't! I had none to return."

"How mean of him—horribly mean! and yet I doubt whether they're not more bother than anything, it's so awkward to go and give anything back; it looks as if you suspected a man of being low enough to regard the worth of them; besides, I get to like things, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Now, there's that ring, for instance, and a stud-brooch, opals and diamonds to match it. I begin to feel that I ought to give them back, because, you know, when Hargrave gave them to me I think he understood that I—understood what he—I mean what they—"

Miss Scott having rambled slightly during the whole of her explanation, now lost her way entirely, and stopped.

"Meant," Theo suggested.

"Yes, meant, if you like it; for my part, I hate things that are 'meant,' they always put one in the wrong place, and of all earthly things I hate being in the wrong place. Hargrave has been like a brother to me; he's such a dear fellow, you know; we're great friends, and I could love his wife, if he had one, like a sister; but if I have to guard against what he may 'mean,' or defend myself against what he has 'meant,' why, it will be a hideous nuisance."

"Has a necessity for guarding and defending yourself arisen?" Theo asked. She asked it with a fresher interest than she had yet betrayed, for Sydney's speech savored of a certainty of something—of something concerning Frank perhaps.

"It hasn't—not exactly, at least, but one's always open to its arising; and then if one has to explain, and apologise, and say 'sorry' for a whole heap of things that would have been nothing if a lot of people hadn't talked them up to your misery, it makes it odious. No tea for me; I'll go up to my room, and you can come and say good-night to me when you come up, Theo."

With this permission she withdrew, leaving Theo alone—quite alone in the dull, cool drawing-room, that looked out on the garden which merged almost imperceptibly into the grave-yard.

Miss Sydney Scott had no special gift for playing the martyr without sufficient cause, and she deemed the cause insufficient to-night, therefore she rang for Ann when she reached her own room, and suggested to that benign woman that a fire after what she had suffered below would be soothing.

"And missus is that queer that she doesn't care for dinner like, when anything have put her out; but, at your age, miss, lor, 'taint likely but what you're fit to eat whenever it's the right time; now, couldn't you pick a bit of something for supper?"

Miss Scott thought that she could pick a bit of something for supper.

"That's right," the woman went on cheerily; "I know her ways and I pay no regard to them, and I would have had Miss Theo pay no regard to them either. I'll warm up a partridge in a little gravy, and bring up the tray in ten minutes."

"Go and tell Miss Leigh when it's ready, Ann; it will be a capital arrangement," Sydney called out, as Ann was closing the door. But by-and-by the tray came up, and no Theo appeared to partake of its contents.

"Miss Leigh isn't in the drawing-room," Ann said, in answer to Sydney's inquiries.

"See if she's in her room, then."

But Theo was not in her room, nor did a carefully-conducted search, which avoided Mrs. Vaughan's room, succeed in finding her.

"Perhaps she is gone to sit with her aunt," Sydney said, but even as she said it she doubted the probability of her surmise being correct, and the warmed-up partridge was eaten with a far less zest than would have attended its consumption had she not been marvelling greatly "where Theo could be."

The lone chill room had been too much for Theo; the lamp cast unpleasant shadows—lamps always do if you are in a room by yourself and your heart is low. She did not dare to disturb her aunt, she did not care to disturb her uncle, who was in his study, engaged in a tough tussle with a text which he did not understand, and which he was going to make clear to the church-going Hensley mind on the following Sunday. There were no books in the house that she cared to read, there were no thoughts in her heart that she cared to lie still and analyze. She was in that condition of mind when action is not alone meet and well, but an absolute necessity for the sufferer. So she rose up presently, and went out through the window, which opened like a door, out into that garden-graveyard where she had strolled with Ethel Burgoyne, and sat down on the tombs with Frank the first night of her arrival.

Rapidly along the paths, in an out from one to another with no cessation of speed, and no settled goal, Theo walked for awhile. Then the sound of the gravel under her feet grated harshly on her ears, and she went yet farther from the house, away on to the grass, and commenced threading her way amongst the tombs, in and out, in and out, till her progress grew into a quaint pattern, and she became gradually conscious of it.

Of it, and of something else that caused a cord of feeling that was almost fear to tighten round her heart. She was some way from the house now; a spreading cypress, a yew or two, and a weeping elm intervened, and made her isolation seem a perfect thing; and the tombs that marked where the quiet dead were laid were about her, ghastly pale in the moonlight.

For the moon was up, her beams fell through a dense plantation that rose from the side of the garden, fell shattered into a thousand bits of living gold through the leaves down at Theo's feet. And moving along there, sometimes in the shade of that plantation, sometimes obliterating the golden bars, sometimes showing dark against the whiteness of a tomb, she, sheltered from observation herself by the dark cypress branches, fancied she saw a form.

For an instant she was startled, and she fell back involuntarily still further into the shade of the gloomy branches of that solemn cypress tree. Then she shook off the feeling that she feared might be superstitious dread, and went forward again, out from beneath the branches, from the concealing shade, from that dark haven of calm, along the silent turf, across the shimmering moonbeams, on to the form that had moved, that was moving still, which had troubled her for awhile.

There was no presentiment in her mind to prepare her for that to which she was going, to urge her on, or to restrain her. As unconsciously as the great majority in real life, she went on in an unprepared state to that which nothing in reason could have prepared her for. At the worst she deemed that lurking form could be but a stray village dog or child; she went on to pat or reprove it, as the case might be—went on with a conscience void of either fear or hope, and found herself face to face with Harold Ffrench.

No Romeo waiting in the garden with the warm pallor of passion and a southern night upon his face, but visibly a middle-aged gentleman who felt the cold, for his coat was closely buttoned, and he seemed to shudder. Only for an instant had she time to observe these things, in the next he was coming close to her with extended hands, and the words, "My God! Theo, you here?" on his lips.

"I am so glad."

Freely she rendered up her welcome, honestly she showed him that it was joy to her to see him again. It might have been that five minutes before each had been feeling sore and sorrowful at heart on account of the other. But now, in this first moment of greeting, no sign was made by either of aught but genuine joy at once again having met. Life is very short. God be praised that some natures seize the golden moments without dimming them by retrospective tears! It was nothing that the girl forgot that she had been injured by and had suffered for this man, but it was grand in him to forget that he had so injured, and caused her to suffer.

He had taken both her hands in his first agitation, for though he forgot the sorest part of the affair, he remembered quite enough to be agitated. And now he released them one by one as he remembered more. Then she spoke again rapidly, for she pitied him so keenly for being there, and dared not show that pity, and knew that he knew she dared not show it, and bled at her heart for them both.

"I suppose you're on your way—you've missed the way to Maddington."

"Yes, I'm on my way to Maddington," he replied. It was disconcerting to him to be found out in this weakness, even by Theo herself. "What brought you out in the cold?"

They were such cool words—they were spoken in so calm a manner—and yet Theo could not quell her pity, or kill the fear she had of the hot thoughts that dwelt in both.

"The night looked so fine, and I—ought I to ask you to come in, Mr. Ffrench, or will you come another day?"

"Another day," he replied affirmatively. Then he walked away hastily for two or three yards, and came back to where the girl stood trembling.

"What did you think of me?"

"When?" she answered.

She was a coward, then, poor child, and strove to fence with the necessity for understanding him at once. It was all rushing upon her now, and she could hardly bear it.

"When! When you learnt that I had been a mad fool, and that you had to suffer for that mad folly! Theo, I had lost my trust in man long before that day, but I lost my trust in God then."

He put his hands up before his face, he bowed it down upon them as a man who had lost his trust in all things, and still felt he could not put himself out as the snuff of a candle would do. She stood shuddering strongly, for his words were very horrible to her, and she dared not essay to comfort him.

"Go in, child," he exclaimed suddenly. "Go in; it would be absurd to tell you to forget that you have seen me here, but remember it only as one of the thousand follies of a man who is old enough to be your father. Go in."

She tried to obey him, but she could not go till she had pleaded for himself against himself. She had loved him so well "once," she told herself, adding that she liked him so well now, that she could not bear him to continue this silence which others might construe into shame.

"You are going to Maddington. The Burgoynes often talk of you," she began tremblingly.

"Do they?" he rejoined carelessly.

He could not think about the Burgoynes just then. He was occupied in wondering where God's mercy had been when he suffered the calamity of which he had been the means to this girl to come to pass. The alteration in her way was patent to him.

"Oh! Mr. Ffrench, if you would only—"

She paused half fearfully as the question obtruded itself. What right had she to counsel or direct this man, who was another woman's husband?

"If I would 'only' what, Theo? Explain my curse to you? No, I cannot; don't ask me to do it—"

"No, not that," she interrupted eagerly—"but go and tell Lord Lesborough that—that you are—"

She could not say "married," the word clung to her tongue, and rendered it incapable of articulating.

"Go in, for God's sake," he said hurriedly, as he marked her huskiness and gathering confusion. "Tell me what you have to say another time—another time, Theo," he continued, inwardly swearing the while that this was the last time he would ever risk putting the girl to such pain. Then the wistfulness of her face wrought upon him, so that, as she almost sobbed out "good night," he caught her hand again, and pressed his lips upon it with the fervor that is generally put into the last intended caress.

There was a step behind her—behind the girl whose hand was being held to the lips of the man who loved her, and whose wife lived, and Harold Ffrench, raising his head at the sound, started erect, as though he had been stung, and cried out:

"By my soul, this was undesigned!"

"By my soul, you are a scoundrel!" was the quick retort, in tones that made Theo cry out with a pain she had never thought to feel at the sound of her father's voice.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN EXPLANATION.

Theo had been loved like a daughter, and trusted like a son by her father. He had never been deceived by her; he had never anticipated being deceived by her in any matter, whether small or great, since the hour when she had first looked at him with understanding, and the great love of his heart had gone out to his daughter. It was very horrible to him to come upon her thus, and to have a doubt of her perfect integrity forced upon him for the first time in such a way.

It did not occur to Theo to tell her father at once that this was no assignation, no planned romance under the moon, no trifling with his honor or her own. She did not suppose it possible that he could deem it such; she gave no thought to the fact of appearances being horribly against her. She only felt stung to her soul to hear such words as those he had given vent to used by her father to Harold Ffrench.

"Don't call him that," she cried, going up, and trying to cling to her father's arm as she was wont to cling to it, and feeling that he would not suffer her to do so—why, she could not tell. "Don't call him that, dear," she repeated. Then the recollection of her desolation came upon her, and she put her head on his shoulder and said:

"Kiss me, papa; oh, my dear father! I am so glad you have come."

"Don't add hypocrisy to it," he returned sternly; then, while Theo looked up at him with sad, wondering eyes, he went on, with a sob in his voice: "I have trusted you so entirely, my girl, it breaks my heart to think how you have deceived me. I didn't deserve this, Theo, I didn't deserve this."

"Papa! do you think I came out here to see—" She did not name Harold, but she glanced round at him as he stood there with his hat off, waiting anxiously to speak.

"God help me, I do," her father rejoined.

"She did not," Harold Ffrench exclaimed, "on my honor."

"Your honor!"

They were only two words, but they were enough for both who heard them. Theo read in them all her father's hatred and contempt for the man she loved, and that man writhed under them. The position was a pitiable one for them all, and she felt the full pitiableness of it. But hurt, cut to the soul as she was to know herself suspected and Harold wronged, she pitied her father the most. She knew how he would suffer when she made him feel the truth. She knew how he suffered now in doubting her.

"Let us go away—back into the house, I

mean—before I tell you how I came to be here," she said, very quietly. She had no desire to make a scene, or be emotional: she only wanted now to get in quickly, and right herself in her father's estimation.

"Good-night, Mr. Ffrench. I shall tell my father, and then he will be only sorry, not angry any more, that we came here to-night."

Theo held her hand out to Harold Ffrench as she spoke, and he took, and pressed, and released it, without a word. Then he doffed his hat to the old man, who stood looking on angrily, and turned away to leave them.

"And now we will go in," Theo said, bringing her eyes back from that glance, that was half after Harold and half away into the past, "and you will soon say that I have not deceived you, and that he is no scoundrel."

She did not say this in either angry or injured accents. She had a masculine way of looking at many things, and it seemed to her neither opposed to justice nor reason that her father should be aggrieved and wrongly suspicious of her. The knowledge that he was so had been slow in dawning upon her, but as soon as it did dawn upon her, she felt that appearances were against her, and that it would be idle folly to resent his having judged her by them.

They went in, and found Mrs. Vaughan down in the midst of the assembled household, recovered from her headache, and freely offering suggestions as to Theo's whereabouts, and Mr. Leigh's reasons for having come down in this way, and confusion was rampant for awhile. Confusion which Theo cleared up eventually in her own honest, straightforward manner.

"We have so much to say to each other, let us go into a room by ourselves and say it, papa," she exclaimed, going away to the door.

Then her father followed her, trying to smile in apparent lightness of heart at his sister as he passed, an attempt which did not impose upon Mrs. Vaughan for an instant, or blind her to the fact of there being something wrong.

They went back, that father and daughter, into the room the drear dullness of which had wrought the evil of driving Theo to escape from it into the open light. When they had entered it, and Theo had shut the door, she turned to him, turned with a world of love in her out-stretched hands and flashing earnest eyes, and began:

"I can't tell you quickly enough, that as little as I thought to see you to-night, did I think to see him out there."

"Theo, is this—" he interrupted.

"Stop, dear," (in a lovingly imperative tone, a tone that made him feel she would not permit him to be unjust to her.) "I only heard of his being at Maddington this morning while we were lunching at Mr. Linley's. Now tell me what has brought you here, papa, and let us have done with that other subject."

Her father's arms were round her now, and he was kissing her on the forehead, and calling her by her pet name, in a way that proved to her right clearly that her simple statement had been accepted.

"The reason I came," he said, "(don't be hurt, child,) was that I learnt from a friend that there was danger to my daughter in the neighborhood, and so, despite his offer to do so for me, I came down to guard her from it myself."

"Danger!—from whom?" she asked. Then a sudden recollection came over, and she cried: "Don't say, don't say, for it's untrue, you know, and you'll be so sorry."

"Sorry, by heaven, no!" he almost shouted. "I can never forgive him for being the cause of my having doubted my child."

She could not weep and moan, she could not lapse into the lachrymose. Those women are happy who can do so, for it gives them something to do, and aids in passing away an awkward time. But Theo could not cry—neither her mind nor her face grew blurred. So now, though her father was more affected than she cared to see him on her account, she only said:

"It's the friend who scented out a danger that didn't exist, that has caused the doubt, but you'll forgive even that some day or other; so I'm sure you'll forgive the one who never hurt or wronged us knowingly."

She uttered this steadily enough, without the shadow of an alteration in her usual tones, but she shivered and trembled when he replied:

"Sorry for having been blind enough to distrust my daughter, even for an instant. Yes—sorry for having called down God's curses on the man who would have wrecked her honor had he not been found out in time, and who still pursues her when she is away from her father's protection—never!"

"Oh! my dear, my dear! you were never so hard, you were never so hard; and you think that you are right, and I can't make you feel the truth, though I feel it all so entirely myself."

"We'll say no more about it," he said huskily, "only this, that I'm sure of *you* again."

Then she asked him to make her feel that he was by staying there a few days, and then letting her go back to Bretford with him. When he had promised this, she, like a true woman, asked for one proof more.

"And you will scorn to turn informer, won't you? You will keep the secret that was told to you to save—not that—but to *cure* me?"

"If you *are* cured, yes."

She drew a long breath.

"I think I am."

"There is but one thing will make me think so," Mr. Leigh replied.

"And that one thing, papa?"

"I shall believe you cured of the folly I was foolish enough to encourage once, when I see you wipe this thing away from your life."

"What will make you believe that I have wiped it away?"

"When you can look forward, child."

"I can do that now.—I shall be very happy with you and my mother, though my best happiness is gone."

"While you say that, while I know you feel it, how can I forgive that man, Theo?"

He thought of her as he asked this—thought of her as she had been on that day when Harold Ffrench first came down to the rough old sea-coast village. He thought of her as she was then, with all her young bloom about her, with her heart and cheek and mind fresh and unsullied as those of a child. As he thought of her thus, he showed in his face that his unrelenting words were not words merely—they were meant.

"What would make you, then?—and yet don't say, don't say," (putting her hand over his mouth,) "it will come in time, even *that*, perhaps, and you will quite forgive them."

"Yes, if anything can make me quite forgive, my darling," he replied. "Now let us go back to your aunt; I will stay here a few days, and take you back with me, if you like."

"I think it will be better that I should go; yes, much better that I should go and be with you; then no 'friend' need write you false notes of warning about me, papa, wringing your dear old heart for nothing."

Miss Sydney Scott came to Theo's room that night after the latter had retired, and questioned her severely.

"Why did you go out?—and where did you go, Theo? Why didn't you ask me to go with you? I should have preferred it to coming up to bed, and then if we had been out together, there wouldn't have been such a hullabaloo when your father came."

"I only went out in the churchyard."

"And meditated among the tombs. How ghoulish you tastes are for a girl of your age. Didn't you feel creepy out there by yourself?"

"Rather."

"I should think so. I wonder what would induce me to go out there," she continued, walking to the window which commanded the graveyard, and placing her face against the glass, and her hands closely on either side of her eyes, and peering steadily for a few seconds into the darkness.

Suddenly she started, and said softly:

"Come here, Theo. Gracious!—come quick."

"What is it?" Theo asked, going up to her side.

Sydney turned a pale face round to look at her friend; her eyes were sparkling brilliantly, and her teeth almost chattering. She was ecstatic and alarmed.

"There is a figure moving about down there, Theo—a man, I'm sure! *Do* look."

"No," Theo said, shrinking back.

"But do, do!—he can't see us."

Then Sydney pressed her nose against the glass again eagerly.

"I see him now in the shade—I mean just out of the shade of a tree. I see him quite plainly—that is, I can see one shoulder and his hat. Oh! Theo, who can it be? Oh! Theo, did you see any one?"

Poor Theo faltered.

"You know I have not looked," she replied.

"Ah! but I mean when you are out—did you see any one when you were out? Who can it be?"

"Don't let whoever it may be see you at the window, Sydney; pray don't—it's nothing extraordinary any one being in the churchyard at night, after all."

"But I think it is extraordinary at this hour. All the village people would be gone to bed. Theo, I tell you who I think it is—Frank Burgoyne."

Theo looked sharply up at Sydney, who had again brought her face away from the glass. The face was flushed now, and a smile of gratified triumph irradiated it. Miss Sydney evidently meant what she had said.

"May be it is Frank Burgoyne," Theo said tremulously, feeling very grateful to the vanity that was ever ready to suppose what it wished.

"And if it's Frank Burgoyne, what can have brought him here? *Did* you see him when you were out?"

"Indeed, indeed I did not, Sydney. Do believe me, I did not."

"He must come hoping to see one of us. Why else should he come, you know?"

"Probably it is to see one of us, but it's not to see me."

"Oh, Theo! what a thing if, after all, I'm Lady Lesborough. What a jolly take-down for all those people at Bretford!"

"Why on earth should you care to take them down? and how could it affect them? You do attribute such a lot of motives to people, Sydney. I hope you will be Lady Lesborough, not for the sake of seeing other people savage, but for the sake of seeing you happy. I think Mr. Burgoyne such a nice fellow. Now come away from the window," she continued coaxingly.

She was very much afraid that some stray moonbeam might show Sydney presently that the one she watched was not Frank Burgoyne, and, above all things, Theo desired to avoid remarks being made about the nocturnal visitant at to-morrow's breakfast-table. While Sydney imagined it to be Frank Burgoyne she would hold her peace.

After a time Sydney consented to withdraw, and go to her own room, the window of which did not command the garden and graveyard. And then poor Theo set herself seriously to work to decide on what she ought to do; should she ever see Harold Ffrench, or should the contingency at which her father had hinted, and for which he evidently hoped, arise.

In the order of things it would be only natural that in time to come some one else should see in her a portion of that which Harold had seen, and so perchance desire to possess it for his own. She felt this, she acknowledged it to be but in the order of things; perhaps (she was only a woman,) she did not feel strongly averse to such a thing occurring. But how would she take it, what ought she to do when it did occur. Would the ashes of the fire that had burnt out her childhood, that had seared her youth, go on smouldering for ever, and scorch the tendrils of any new hopes that might arise?

It seemed a terrible thing even to herself as she did it to sit there and weigh the merits of such a case, and calculate the chances of what she might be able to do in order to, at any cost, make her father think that the blight he so resented had not been eternally blasting in its effects on her. It seemed unwomanly, unworthy of one who had been dear to Harold Ffrench. But then, again, she owed it to a prior love, to the love her father bore her, to banish as many as might be banished of the signs of that early blight.

And all the while she sat there thinking of these and sundry other things, she could not lose the consciousness that was half agony and half bliss, that every flicker of the little candle that lighted her vigil was watched from below by one of whom she scarcely dared to think.

At last she came to a resolution that gave her a strange kind of strength, that imparted a feeling of endurance, a sensation of being able to bear things, which she had long lacked, despite that quiet treading of the path of duty which I have portrayed. She resolved that this early dream which her father, whom she loved so well, had denominated "a folly," should never stand in the way of her following any path upon which he placed her, and which he wished her to pursue. Her sorrow had caused him sorrow enough already; he should never, willingly, be given another pang through her.

There came a strong party over from Maddington the following morning; the two Miss Burgoynes, and Frank, and the Galtons, and Mr. Linley. These last had reinforced the Maddington party on the road, so they all came along together, with a view of taking luncheon with Mrs. Vaughan, "if Mrs. Vaughan would have them," Frank said, which Mrs. Vaughan was only happy to do at his instigation.

Kate Galton was on horseback, in a light-blue habit, seamed with black braid, and in immense spirits, and Frank was palpably in a bad case, though no one save Linley, and perhaps Kate herself, guessed the cause of it. It was Kate's speciality to be lighter-hearted in exact proportion as others were depressed, particularly if that depression arose from herself. She marked Frank's moody manner this morning, as she had marked it on that day when the first seeds of the disease that was affecting him were sown, and as she had no feeling with regard to him, she resolved to play the model matron, and discreetly point out to her husband how foolish young Mr. Burgoyne was, when she found a fitting opportunity.

"We couldn't get Harold Ffrench to come with us to-day," Ethel Burgoyne said to Theo; and Theo, calm as she was externally, quivered in her soul as she glanced at her father, and saw him drinking in the words. "He leaves us in a day or two," Miss Burgoyne went on, "but I dare say you will see him before he goes."

"I leave in a day or two also; I am going back with my father," Theo replied.

"And I am going back with her," Sydney Scott whispered to Frank Burgoyne. She reflected that if he had deemed it worth his while to risk rheumatism in a damp graveyard at night for the sake of watching her shadow on the blind, he might even risk being rebuked by the profane, for being rashly romantic, and bringing things to a climax under fear of so soon losing her.

But all he said when she told him that she was going back with Theo, was, "Oh! are you?" and he did not look much more at the moment. But his manner had lost so much of its former buoyancy, that she was not much disheartened at his being so undemonstrative at the first shot. She would fire a few more before they finally parted, and give him another chance.

Before they had left the Lowndes' shooting-box that morning Mr. Linley had received a telegram from a man in town, who was more than a servant and less than a friend to him:—a man who wrote his letters, and corrected his proofs, and disabused the minds of too despondent duns of dread when they came and waited in the hall, urged to this repulsive line of conduct by thoughts of the "heavy accounts they all had to make up next Tuesday,"—a man who was his secretary in name, and who was divers other things in fact.

The telegram was very brief; it consisted only of these words,—"Going fast; he does not know it; will shortly." But brief as it was, and relating as it did to such a pleasant thing as the freedom of somebody or something, it plunged Mr. Linley into a state of melancholy that lasted until they had been on the road for some time, and joined the Maddington party. When that event came to pass he recovered a little, and entered into a very lively disquisition with John Galton as to the respective merits of a couple of colts the latter possessed, one of which was shortly to go into training.

It so happened that John Galton directed his whole conversation during the ride to Mr. Linley and Ethel Burgoyne. His wife therefore fell to the share of Frank, and Frank's elder aunt, whose mind was fully occupied with the management of her horse, and who consequently rather neglected Mrs. Galton. It was an opportunity which he dared not hope, which he did not "hope" (for he wanted to do that which was right,) might arise again, so Mr. Frank made the most of it according to his lights.

There were a variety of interests and counter-interests, there was a wealth of plotting and scheming, innocent and the reverse, assembled that day inside that quiet rectory-house.

Events did not march far, however, this morning. Linley was the only one who made a decisive move on this board which I have endeavored to place before my readers. He made it by saying when the hour of separation was coming on:

"What do you all say to meeting to-morrow at Lownde, all of you who are here now? I want my old friend (I may call you my old friend, though in years gone by we had but a cursory knowledge of each other) Mr. Leigh to come and see me in my country quarters."

They all promised to go to him, all except Mrs. Vaughan, who did not care to take her best cap a perilous journey a second time for nothing. She declined on the score of the parish requiring her supervision the following day. "There was no occasion for her now," she said, "her young ladies could go with Mr. Leigh."

"And in order not to interfere with Galton's sport, and at the same time not deprive him of such delightful society, what do you say to dining in my bachelor hut at seven, instead of lunching there at two?" Linley asked, in that sort of generous, liberal way that implies "you may find a Barmecide feast, or a baronial festival, my dear fellow, but you'll be heartily welcome to either, especially the latter."

They all said that it was a good change, and assented readily to the plan.

"You will be liable to Harold Ffrench, of course you know that, Linley?" Frank said, interrogatively.

"If Mrs. Galton's cousin is with you still, I shall be most happy to see him."

"I believe he will elect to remain with papa again," Ethel put in.

"Papa, would you rather I didn't go?" Theo whispered, drawing her father into the bay-window.

"Certainly not, you are not the one, nor am I the one, to let you shrink from a meeting that's fair and above-board," her father replied.

"Then it's settled that we all meet at Lownde at seven to-morrow," the master of Lownde said, rising up; "that is right. Now, Burgoyne, had we not better have round the horses?"

They went off, and took the road at a swinging trot. It happened that the two fastest trotters of the lot were Kate Galton's horse and Frank Burgoyne's: this being the case they soon distanced the others, for there was no good cantering ground between the Vaughan's house and Maddington Park gates.

"Never mind, Galton," Linley muttered to John Galton, as the pair turned a corner out of sight of those behind; "the young fellow is foolish, that's all."

John Galton turned with a look of honest inquiry on his face towards the man who was speaking to him. Something in that man's eyes struck him, apparently, for presently he flushed, and asked:

"What am I not to mind? and how is the young fellow foolish? I think he's one of the nicest young fellows that I ever met with in my life."

Linley laughed.

"My dear fellow, all right; I am ready to think so to; on my word, Galton," he continued, in a sort of admiring burst of enthusiasm, "you're one of the most sensible fellows I ever met in my life." Then he drew rather nearer to Ethel Burgoyne, and began speaking to her, for John Galton was looking at him with a queer expression in his eyes. Mr. Linley had made another move.

When they reached the Maddington gates there was nothing to be seen of either Frank or Mrs. Galton.

"They have kept up a trotting match to Lownde, probably," Ethel said; "never mind, Mr. Linley, we have our own man with us; we can ride up without Frank. Mr. Galton and you shall not come out of your road for us."

But Mr. Galton and Mr. Linley insisted on doing so, since the Miss Burgoynes' cavalier had deserted them for the lady for whose conduct Mr. Galton, and Mr. Linley too, in a measure, were accountable.

When they were riding back through the park, after seeing their charges safely off their horses, and not so much as catching sight of Harold Ffrench, John Galton commenced:

"What did you mean just now, Linley? I'm not quick at taking things, but I hardly liked your allusion."

"'Not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplexed in the extreme,' eh!—no offence; I am but making a quotation, you know."

"It would have improved the play, to my mind, if that hound, Iago, had received a score or two blows from a well-loaded hunting-whip before they set about judging him like a man," John Galton said slowly.

Mr. Linley looked askance at him as they rode slowly along.

"Iago's is an ungrateful part; how the deuce are we to know that he didn't mean well though he was a little over-zealous in the cause of 'finding out' Desdemona? But let me see; what gave rise to all this? oh! I remember; I ventured to hint to you that that foolish, impressionable boy, young Burgoyne, was boring your wife, and you treat the hint as though I had aspersed *her*."

"I fancied you were falling into the mistake into which a lot of fellows have fallen with regard to Kate—though no fault of hers," he added hastily. "Because she has no end of good-nature, people think she is guilty of levity, very often when it's as far from her thought as—as—anything bad can be," he continued energetically.

"Of course, of course, that is all very apparent to a man who has seen life, and known women as I have," Linley replied hastily; "but Burgoyne is just one of those young asses who would sell their souls to be a diluted Don Juan, that is the best ambition he has at present, I'm afraid, and that sort of fellow, little dangerous as he is in reality, is awfully compromising to a woman. I like Burgoyne very much," Mr. Linley went on frankly, "and I wish with all my heart that you would give him a setting down, or empower me to do it for you, for his grandfather has the memory of that wretched Hugo who did something or other bad ever present in his mind, and he would be down on Frank to Frank's detriment at a word."

"Set him down for his own good as much as you please," John Galton replied, "but I will not have my wife censured even by implication; here they come back to meet us," he added hurriedly, and his face grew violently red as he said it. He wished he had not used the word "they" in speaking of Frank Burgoyne and his wife after what Mr. Linley had said.

"We have had a charming trot; where are the Miss Burgoynes? my horse never broke once, did he?" Kate exclaimed animatedly, appealing to Frank.

"Not once," he replied abstractedly, staring at her.

"You have blown him, poor fellow," John Galton said, leaning over, and patting his wife's horse; "let us walk home quietly now."

"I'll turn back with you, Burgoyne; don't be alarmed Mrs. Galton, I won't be a moment late for dinner," the master of Lownde said, politely taking off his hat to his fair guest as he turned back on the road to Maddington with Frank Burgoyne.

"I say, young fellow," he exclaimed, as soon as the Galtons were out of ear-shot, "you've done it, and no mistake; Galton is as jealous as the mischief; how do you stand with her?"

"Good heaven! what do you mean?" Frank asked agitatedly.

What Mr. Linley meant, however, must be reserved for another chapter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Petroleum.

This mineral, which has of late years assumed such vast importance in the economy of the world, was by no means unknown to the ancients, nor is it confined to the United States and Canada. Two thousand years ago, as we learn from Herodotus, the citizens of Zacynthus (Pante) were accustomed to collect a mineral pitch, called by them "pittumen," from two wells distant about twelve miles from the city. This substance they used as a substitute for vegetable pitch in many operations. On the island of Sicily it occurred in a fluid condition, at common temperatures, and was used for illuminating purposes by the inhabitants of Agrigentum. Its existence in Farther India, especially along the banks of the Irawaddy river, was known in very ancient times. At Rangoon there are upwards of five hundred wells, yielding annually 412,000 hogsheads, and supplying the whole Burmese Empire with light. In several districts in China there are numerous oil and gas wells. Solid bitumen occurs in great quantities along the shores of the Dead and Caspian seas. This was an important ingredient in the Greek Fire. It was used for many purposes among the Jews; and many have supposed that the text, Matt. v. 13, refers not to salt, but to bitumen, which was used in Jewish sacrifices, and termed salt. Salt cannot lose its savor, but while soft, bitumen has a strong taste and odor, which, upon exposure, it loses. Petroleum was first discovered in Europe in 1640, by an Italian physician. A petroleum spring near Amiano, in Parma, has supplied Genoa for many years. Modena, also, possesses some remarkably rich wells. On the shore of the Black Sea, wells have lately been opened by some enterprising Americans and Englishmen.

In Trinidad, asphaltum or solid bitumen occurs in vast quantities. Near Cape La Brave it issues from the bottom of the sea at times, with great force, and covers the surface to a considerable distance. It is collected on the shore to so great an extent, for three-quarters of a mile, as to support a very vigorous vegetation on its surface. On the same island is the remarkable Pitch and Tar Lake, which is a mile and a half in circumference, and consists entirely of asphaltum. About the shores the bitumen is solid, but softens toward the centre, where it boils. In South America, at Coaltambo, asphaltum is found in a state of remarkable purity.

But with petroleum in our own country, we have chiefly to deal in this paper. Its existence here was well known to the Indians long before the advent of European settlers, but like all other Indian discoveries, its history is involved in tradition. Many years ago, say the Seneca Indians, the Great Spirit informed one of their chiefs that, in a distant part of their country, there exuded from the earth an oily liquid, which would prove a balm of healing to the invalid savage. Obeying the injunction given, the chief proceeded to the place indicated, and found a dark oily liquid, which was ever afterwards used by the medicine men as a remarkable curative agent. This was the Seneca oil, so long sold in the shops, and used by empirics for internal use as a medicine. The early European settlers, either from ignorance or lack of refining apparatus, paid little attention to the oil, extracting only enough to answer their limited medical necessities.

Petroleum accompanied by vast quantities of asphaltum exists in California, where it has been running to waste to the extent of millions of dollars per annum. It occurs most plentifully in Santa Barbara county, about 320 miles south of San Francisco, where among smaller ones is a vast natural well thirty feet in diameter, which Prof. Silliman regards as one of the wonders of the world. Petroleum also exists in large quantities in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, and in several other states.

In 1826, Dr. Hildreth, of Marietta, Ohio, wrote to Silliman's Journal concerning two salt wells in his neighborhood; one of which instead of yielding brine, threw out water, gas and oil, giving therefore no salt. He stated, however, that the oil was a source of profit to the company, and that he looked forward confidently to the time, when this oil would be used as a source of light in our cities. Strange to say, his statement had no effect, he narrowly escaped making a fortune, and the oil was still applied only to the manufacture of ointment.

The first steps toward a systematic working of oil wells were taken in 1853, by Messrs. Eveleth and Bissell, who formed the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company, bought out the principal oil lands at Titusville, Pennsylvania, for $5,000, and there established a refinery. Their efforts were very limited, and they raised but a small amount of oil, so that they did little beyond supplying liniment makers. In 1855 the oil was analyzed by Prof. Silliman of Yale College, who rendered so favorable a report concerning it that the Seneca Oil Company, with the Professor at its head, was formed and bought out the lands at Titusville, guaranteeing the proprietors twelve cents for every gallon of oil obtained. A man named Drake was employed to carry out the enterprize: and at length, all preliminary preparations having been completed, a well was sunk and oil reached in 1859. The well yielded four hundred gallons per diem, which was then regarded as something very remarkable. Soon afterwards, in 1860, a Mr. Wood, while dining at a hotel in an Ohio village, perceived globules of oil floating on the water in the glass by his plate. He immediately bought the well and the ground about it, and, sinking a well, struck oil at a depth of fifty feet.

The success attending these early efforts produced an excitement scarcely paralleled by the gold fever of 1848-9, and which, even now, after a lapse of four years, has subsided in a while, but has rather increased.

Petroleum derives its name from the Latin *petra*, *oleum*, signifying rock-oil. It is composed of various hydrocarbons, boiling at different temperatures, which hold in solution various proportions of asphaltum or paraffine. In particulars it resembles the vegetable essential oils. Its composition is of course uncertain, but the specimens analyzed give an average of carbon twenty-four equivalents, and hydrogen twenty-four equivalents. Its color varies, being dependent greatly upon the amount of asphaltum held in solution. The purer varieties are quite light colored and burn without residue; while the impure, of a brown color, leave a residue of asphaltum upon distillation. Its specific quantity varies from 0.830 to 0.890. If the crude oil is long exposed to the air, it evaporates spontaneously and assumes the solid form. Petroleum has a wonderful power of extension. If a drop of it be placed upon the surface of water, it will spread over an area of several feet. It is almost unaffected by cold, retaining its liquidity at all natural temperatures.

The geology of petroleum is intensely interesting, since the mineral occurs in almost every portion of the globe, and in nearly every formation, from the Silurian to the post-tertiary, more abundantly, however, in those lying above the carboniferous limestone and underlying the coal measures. That the order of these formations may be more readily comprehended, we have arranged a tabular view of the more important oil-bearing groups, giving them in the order of time, the tertiary of course being the most modern.

	PERIODS.	EPOCHS.
Age of Dicotyledons,	Tertiary,	Pliocene. Miocene. Eocene.
Age of Cycads,	Cretaceous,	Cretaceous.
Age of Coal Plants.	Permian,	Permian.
	Carboniferous,	Upper Coal Measures. Lower Coal Measures Millstone Grit.
	S. Carboniferous,	Sub Carboniferous.
	Catskill,	Catskill.
	Chemung,	Chemung. Portage. Genesee.
Age of Sea Weeds.	Hamilton,	Hamilton. Marcellus. U. Helderberg.
	Corniferous,	Schoharie. Cauda Galli.
	Oriskany,	Oriskany.
	Silurian,	Upper Silurian. Lower Silurian.

In this table all epochs not represented on our continent have been omitted: the ages have been divided according to their botanical characteristics.

The lowest oil-bearing group in America, in importance, is the Upper Helderberg, which, as it were, a vast coral reef, stretching from Central New York under Lake Erie, and reappearing in Michigan and Canada at Lake Clain. The cavities of its corals are positively overflowing with petroleum, and the walls of the Second Presbyterian Church at Chicago, which is built of this limestone, are covered with a coating of petroleum distilled from the rock. The Marcellus shales, with the Helderberg, are the source whence all the oil is obtained in Canada. T. Sterry Hunt regards these shale

as the seat of all the oil. This, however, is, to say the least, uncertain, since it is as yet unascertained whether or not they extend to the oil regions of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

In the Hamilton formation we find the celebrated springs at Seneca Lake and most of the oil or gas springs in the western part of New York State. In the Genesee we find many of the Ohio wells. From the Portage, most of the oil of Oil Creek is derived. Oil has been found in all the formations from the Portage up to the Permian, but not in sufficient quantities to pay for working, except in a few instances in the coal series, and one in the Permian in Kansas. The indications of petroleum in all these are so positive, however, as to leave no room to doubt that they are as rich as any yet explored. The great petroleum region of California, and the remarkable asphaltum formations in Trinidad and in South America, are in formations of the cretaceous or tertiary periods.

The formations enumerated above are 24,000 feet thick in a vertical direction,* and extend from Nova Scotia to Lake St. Clair, and from Virginia to the Tennessee river, giving us, according to Dr. Stevens, an oil-bearing area of no less than 200,000 square miles. Therefore the oil is not limited to Oil creek and its vicinity, but wherever any of these formations are found, there oil exists, and, in all probability, in paying quantities.

To determine in which group the oil is formed is a matter of extreme difficulty, and perhaps cannot be definitely settled until we are more thoroughly informed concerning the manner of its origin. To explain this, as many theories as there are owners of wells have been advanced; the vast majority of which, however, are frivolous and undeserving of attention.

Among the oldest and most respectable of these theories is that which regards petroleum as resulting from the distillation of bituminous coal. This theory holds that layers of coal were submitted to a high temperature, by which the bituminous constituents were driven off and condensed by heavy pressure, while the coal was "coked" into anthracite. The theory is plausible, but it is utterly insufficient to account for the phenomena of origin. Bituminous coal does not yield petroleum any more than anthracite. Dr. Stevens, after a long and careful examination, asserts that he has never seen "one drop or smelled an odor of petroleum in a coal mine." Breckinridge coal, indeed, upon distillation, yielded a large quantity of petroleum, which, however, was derived from the contiguous sand-rock. Another objection to the theory is, that oil springs are found in large numbers in districts far removed from coal deposits, and where, moreover, the only formations to be found are those which underlie the coal. It has also been discovered that, although for all practical purposes the products of coal and petroleum are alike, yet there does exist a difference in their composition. To account for the existence of oil apart from coal formations, the supporters of this theory maintain, that in such districts it arises from distillation of the bituminous shales: this, however, brings us no nearer to an explanation of its origin, for in the lime, underlying the whole bituminous formation, oil is found plentifully.

Since oil is found only in cavities of limited extent, this theory appears to be strengthened, inasmuch as very evidently some of these are of volcanic origin, so that they have been regarded as all resulting from volcanic action. This subtheory (if we may so express it) is weaker than its principal, since in the oil-creek region, there are evidences of volcanic action; so also in many other districts. Doubtless these cavities are nothing other than the result of erosion. One is impelled to this belief by the nature of the formations in which oil cavities are chiefly found, as well as by the fact that oil springs are very frequently accompanied by salt water.

Another theory, more pretentious in its scientific aspect, is, that petroleum is simply a combination of carbon and hydrogen resulting during a decomposition of water and carbonic acid in the earth, is thus enunciated. Underlying many oil-producing rocks is the vast limestone formation, of great thickness; the water falls on the earth's surface, percolates through its porous standstones, becomes charged with various chemical substances, and at last reaches the lime, which it decomposes, setting fire the carbonic acid, which in its turn is decomposed, the carbon uniting with the hydrogen of the water, while the oxygen is set free to ascend to the atmosphere, or unite with metals in the earth to form oxydes. This is a very beautiful theory, and might be plausible or possible, if there were not so many clay beds between the lime-rock and the surface; clay beds being, as is well-known, almost absolutely impervious both to gas and water. So that even if chemically possible (which is doubtful,) the theory is physically impossible.

A careful consideration of all the facts and circumstances bearing upon the subject will convince any person that petroleum has not everywhere originated in the same manner. One general theory, however, applies to the whole. Petroleum has originated from the carbon and hydrogen of animals and vegetables formerly existing. This theory is well borne out by the facts. Among the fossils in the Ohio oil-bearing region, fish are found, whose skeletons are preserved intact, but whose soft parts are entirely converted into petroleum. The form of the fish is preserved in the cavity, which shows that the change was gradual; otherwise, the rock, then soft, would have yielded to the pressure from without, and closely surrounded the skeleton, as is the case with the fossil fish from Italy and Mt. Lebanon. At Oil creek, the shales are filled with stumps of seaweeds and land-plants, which Dr. R. P. Stevens, one of our most eminent practical geologists, thinks were, in all probability, oil-bearing plants. He is supported in this by the striking resemblance of petroleum to many of the vegetable essential oils. In the limestones of the Silurian and earlier Devonian we find cavities of large orthoceratites filled with petroleum of exceedingly offensive odor. Besides, in later geology we have abundant proof of vegetable bituminization. The great accumulations of bitumen in Trinidad and on the opposite coast of South America, have, beyond doubt, been formed from vegetable matter, which for a vast period has been carried down by the Orinoco to the ocean, where, by heat and pressure, it has been changed into bitumen.

Upon this theory, then, we may conclude that, in the lower or earlier geological formations the oil resulted from animal, and in the later, from vegetable decomposition. Having thus convinced ourselves of its origin, we can in some measure take advantage from the theory first mentioned. By means of subterranean heat this oil, thus formed, has been distilled from the formations in which it was held, and afterwards condensed under great pressure in the cavities where it is now found. In other cases, where such cavities did not exist, and the surrounding circumstances were favorable, the vaporized oil may have ascended and condensed in the cooler shales above. In this way, then, we may account for the vast accumulations of oil spread through the bituminous shales in the coal measures.

*The Silurian is omitted in this calculation, as it is an insignificant oil-bearer; it is miles in thickness.

JARRED'S "EMAIL DE PARIS" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and retiring lady may use the exquisite "Email" without hesitancy. L'Email is especially endorsed by Mlle. Vestvali, Lucille Western, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists, Perfumers, and Ladies' Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARRED & RENE, Philada., Pa. marll-3m

---

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $1; two, $5; twelve, $10. feb25-eow10t

---

VOLUNTEERS, ATTENTION!—For the derangements of the system incidental to the change of diet, Wounds, Eruptions, and Exposures which every Volunteer is liable to, there are no remedies so safe, convenient and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

---

AMERICAN LADIES, to heighten their color and beauty, should take one teaspoonful of Dr. T. S. TALBOT'S MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER at dinner, also when they retire at night, and when they rise in the morning.

For sale everywhere.

B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington Street, New York.

H. C. KELLOGG, Agent at Philadelphia.

Also for sale by H. A. BOWERS, N. W. corner 6th and Green Streets, Philada.

COX'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 24 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,13. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Boston, on the 27th of March, 1865, by the Rev. Dr. Bartol, LUCY F., daughter of Alex. Wadsworth, to WILLIAM E. FURNESS, of Philada.

On the 5th of Feb., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. MANNING F. OBER to Miss MARY E. BELLANGER, both of this city.

On the 23d of March, by the Rev. J. R. Kennard, Mr. DAVID MAMAN to Miss MARY M. HINKLE, both of this city.

On the 24th of March, 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. DANIEL DOHERTY to Miss ENNELINE MELLON, both of this city.

On the 23d of March, by the Rev. Robt. C. Chase, BENJ. F. HAMELL, U. S. N., to Miss EUGENIA, daughter of Mr. E. W. Shipley, late of this city.

On the 14th of March, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. ROBERT KNOX to Miss ELIZA GARVIN, both of this city.

On the 27th of March, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. DAVID C. LEAMER, of Montgomery co., Pa., to Miss CHARLOTTE A. FERRIS, of Burlington co., N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of March, Mrs. SUSAN, wife of John Fetters, in her 54th year.

On the 17th of March, MARGARET HIGBY, in her 30th year.

On the 22th of March, Mrs. EMILY ANDREWS, in her 51st year.

On the 20th of March, Mr. WILLIAM B. CONOVER, Sr., in his 71st year.

On the 26th of March, MARY E., daughter of Aaron and Mary Schellinger, aged 23 years.

On the 25th of March, PHILIP J. MILLER, of Fort Richmond, in his 56th year.

On the 26th of March, THOMAS W. MATTOON, aged 42 years.

On the 24th of March, FRANKLIN C., son of John and Jane Wood, late a member of Co. K, 83d regt. P. V., aged 30 years.

On the 24th of March, JAMES A. QUENTA, in his 66th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.

EYRE & LANDELL.

ESTABLISHED IN 1840.

We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.

GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.

mar18-1y

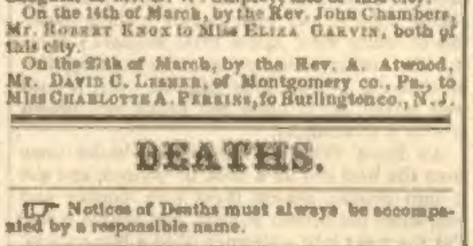
☞ ATTENTION! ☜

100 PHOTOGRAPHS OF FEMALE BEAUTIES, in Oil Colors, for 50 cents, or plain ones for 25 cents.

100 Photographs of Generals for 25 cents.

☞ All orders must be sent to

C. BRIGGS,
ap8-3t Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill.



A Pamphlet directing how to speedily RESTORE sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts

Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
ap8-3m 1130 Broadway, New York.

THE FRANKLIN SAVING FUND,

No. 146 South Fourth St., Below Chestnut,

Pays five per cent. Interest on Deposits. Agents for the sale of United States 7 3-10 Loans at Par, Government, State and City Loans and Stocks bought and sold for depositors and others on Commission.

mar18-3m

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

LOOKING GLASSES

At Reduced Prices.

JAMES S. EARLE & SONS

Have made a GREAT REDUCTION in their prices, and have now in stock a very large assortment of

Looking Glasses, Oil Paintings, Engravings,

Portrait and Picture Frames.

LOOKING GLASSES MADE TO ORDER at the same reduced prices, to fill every character of space,

Mantels, Piers, Walls, Hotels, Ships, Bar-Rooms, &c.

EARLES' GALLERIES,

816 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADA.

ap8-3t

GINGER SNAPS.

A Collection of Two Thousand Scintillations of Wit. The Material Gathered, and the Whole Batch Baked by JO COBB.

Special care has been taken in the preparation of these "Ginger Snaps," that nothing should be contained in them that might offend the most fastidious taste. 160 pages. Fancy paper, 25 cts.; boards, 38 cts.; cloth, 50 cts. Sent, post-paid.

AMSDEN & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

B. FRANK PALMER.

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection*. *Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes") won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct21-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

O'DOR! O'DOR!

DR. BRIGGS' GOLDEN O'DOR

Will force a beautiful set of whiskers or moustache on the smoothest face in from five to eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin, or hair on bald heads in eight weeks, (and no humbug.) I receive recommendations most every day from persons that have used it and found it genuine. Testimonials of thousands. I will send my Golden O'Dor by mail, sealed and post-paid for $1,25. (Warranted.) Send all orders to DR. C. BRIGGS,
ap8-3t P. O. Drawer 6308, Chicago.

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,

(Late Wilbers & Peterson,)

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.

my9-1y

NEW SONGS OF THE WAR.

THE PARTING KISS AT THE DOOR, or The Dying Soldier's Last Thought. Finke, 30. WHEN YOU AND I WERE SOLDIER BOYS. Clarke, 30. UP WITH THE FLAG OF THE STARS AND THE STRIPES. Howe, 30. BABY SLEEP, SHADOWS CREEP. Cradle Song of the Soldier's Wife. Barker, 30. CEAD MILLE FEALTHE. (A Hundred Thousand Welcomes). Brown, 30. THE WAR WILL SOON BE OVER. By the author of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," 30.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
ap8-tf 277 Washington St., Boston.

"TO DEALERS IN TOBACCO AND SEGARS."

Those wishing to purchase Tobacco and Segars, Pipes, &c., are requested to send for our Wholesale Price List, as we manufacture Segars and Tobacco. By buying of us you can obtain the best qualities at first prices. M. B. DEAN, Tobacconist,
feb18-3m 413 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

DRS. HASSET & DOWN, Dentists, Oculists, and Aurists. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Platina, and Vulcanite, $5 to $50. Teeth filled with Gold, Silver, and Hone Filling, 50c. to $1. Repairing. References. Office, 245 Ninth St., below Locust. Letters receive attention. mar25 3m

---

Morris Farm Oil Company,

OFFICE, 226 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia,

SECOND STORY FRONT ROOM.

☞ Circulars can be procured upon application at the office of the Company. mar11-9t

---

BAUGH'S

RAW BONE

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

BAUGH & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,

STORE NO. 20 SOUTH DELAWARE AVENUE,

PHILADELPHIA.

To the farmers of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, BAUGH'S RAW BONE PHOSPHATE is not a new name. Its great efficiency as a Fertilizer, for all crops, has been for years past practically denoted by them in its continued use. We want no better assurance of the high appreciation in which it is held by Agriculturists than the fact of so constant an increase in the demand, from year to year, as our article has enjoyed, and it has been our main object to render it, in every respect, worthy of such a favorable estimation.

It is packed in bags and barrels, and may be had of any regular dealer in Fertilizers, (to whom we advise all farmers to apply,) or of the sole manufacturers, BAUGH & SONS,

No. 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.

☞ The highest market price paid for Bones.

☞ Letters from the country receive attention.

ap8-3t

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	85
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

A WATCH FREE,

And $15 to $20 per day, made easy, selling our *Latest Novelty*, now creating such an *Immense Sensation* and extraordinary demand throughout the *Army* and Country. The *Great, New*, and *Wonderful* PRIZE PORT-FOLIOS. Extra Large. Size 7 by 12. *Just Out*. Each of which contains *Several Dollars' Worth* of useful and *Valuable Goods*, Prizes, &c. Price only 25 cents. Articles that Soldiers and Families cannot *do without*. Thousands sold every day. Soldiers can clear a *Month's Pay* in one day. Agents wanted in every town, village and camp for this *Standard Article*. A splendid *Gold or Silver* WATCH presented *free* as a premium to every Agent. This is the greatest money-making and surest business of the day. Profits *very large*. Sales rapid. We *guarantee* any agent $15 per day. All goods forwarded, with premiums, *same day* the order is received. Catalogues, with wholesale prices and *Premium Inducements*, sent *free*.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,
102 Nassau St., N. Y., *Sole Manufacturers*.
feb4-13t

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
No. 19 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. jel8-1y

---

BUTLER'S FIASCO

At Fort Fisher, was scarcely a greater failure than is daily made by most of the advertised hair dyes; nor was

TERRY AND PORTER'S VICTORY

More complete, perfect and glorious, than the conquest achieved by

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE

Over gray, red and sandy heads of hair. The obnoxious hue is wiped out in five minutes, and a magnificent brown or black, glossy and natural, takes its place.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $2 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. ap8-2t&ow

---

MR. AND MRS. J. K. OBER, MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIANS, 428 South THIRD Street, below Pine, Philadelphia. We cure all curable Chronic and Acute Diseases, by Practical Operations of a few minutes, without MEDICINE. ap8-4t

---

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

SENT BY MAIL!

FREE OF POSTAGE.

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

TO PERSONS AT A DISTANCE.

Parties ordering may rely upon obtaining the most approved styles; bound in rich Turkey Morocco, French Pearl Mountings, Ornamental Edges and beautiful Clasps.

These are the Cheapest and Best,

AND OFFERED AT LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

In ordering please send the address, plainly written, of the Town, County and State.

Photograph Cards of leading Generals and Statesmen inserted at ten cents each.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, ROYAL 12mo.

Photograph Album, morocco, 20 portraits, by mail,	$2.00
Photograph Album, morocco, 40 portraits, by mail,	2.25
Photograph Album, morocco, 50 portraits, by mail,	2.75
Photograph Album, turkey morocco, 40 portraits,	3.50
Photograph Album, turkey extra gilt, 50 portraits,	3.50

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS FOR THE CENTRE TABLE, ROYAL 12mo.

All the following have two clasps:

Photograph Album, morocco, 50 portraits, by mail,	$3.50
Photograph Album, turkey, extra gilt, 40 portraits,	3.75
Photograph Album, turkey, extra gilt, 50 portraits,	4.00
Photograph Album, turkey, extra gilt, pearl ornaments, tooled edges, 50 portraits,	5.00
Photograph Album, turkey, also relievo, 50 portraits, pearl ornaments, tooled edges	6.00
Photograph Album, turkey morocco, diamond sides, 50 portraits, pearl ornaments, tooled edges	6.50

NEW EXTRA SIZE SMALL QUARTO, FOR THE CENTRE TABLE.

Photograph Album, turkey morocco antique, 40 portraits	$4.50
Photograph Album, turkey morocco, antique, 50 portraits, pearl ornaments, tooled edges	6.00
Photograph Album, turkey morocco, also relievo, 40 portraits	5.50
Photograph Album, turkey morocco, also relievo, 50 portraits, pearl ornaments, tooled edges	7.50
Photograph Album, turkey morocco, beautiful paneled sides, 50 portraits	8.25

OBLONG QUARTO, TWO PORTRAITS ON A PAGE.

Photograph Album, morocco, 80 portraits	$5.50
Photograph Album, turkey morocco, antique, 80 portraits	6.50
Photograph Album, turkey morocco, antique, 100 portraits	7.00
Photograph Album, turkey morocco, also relievo, 80 portraits, pearl ornaments, tooled edges	8.00
Photograph Album, turkey morocco, also relievo, 100 portraits, pearl ornaments, tooled edges	9.00
Photograph Album, turkey morocco, beautiful paneled sides, 100 portraits, pearl ornaments, tooled edges	9.50

The above will be sent to all parts of the United States by mail, free of postage.

WILLIAM W. HARDING,

MANUFACTURER OF ALBUMS,

PUBLISHER OF FAMILY AND PULPIT BIBLES,

AND THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.

No. 326 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA. mar11-eow4

☞ Postmasters and others forming Clubs and remitting to the amount of *Twenty Dollars* will have a *Four Dollar* Album sent gratis.

R. DOLLARD,

513

CHESTNUT ST.,

PHILADELPHIA,

PREMIER ARTISTE IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. sol-eowly

---

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—The Weak, the Consumptive, Rheumatic, Costive, Bilious and Delicate, after some days' use, will find renewed strength and life pervade every organ of their frames.

Every dose makes the blood purer. The nerves commence in the arteries and terminate in the veins. These Pills, as a first effect, act upon the arterial blood, increasing the circulation, by which impurities are deposited in the veins, and they throw off such collections into the bowels, which organs, by the energy derived from Brandreth's Pills, expel them from the system. When first used, the Pills may occasion griping, and even make the patient feel worse. This is an excellent sign, and shows the disease will soon be cured. No great good is often achieved without some trouble in its attainment, and this rule applies to the recovery of health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 239 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. ap8-2t&ow

---

AGENTS, COME AND EXAMINE

An Invention urgently needed by everybody, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cents, which retail for $5 easily, by R. L. WOLCOTT,
feb18-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

USE OF TOBACCO

In all its forms CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free, by mail, for FIFTY CENTS—five for TWO DOLLARS, by DAY & SON,
ap1-13t New Haven, Conn.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
dec 17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will cause them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-1f 169 Nassau street, New York City.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The South.—By a Norther.

'Twas night, deep night, in the beautiful city of Richmond; and the chivalrous Mr. Faro was slowly wending his way through Broad street to the bosom of his Confederate family, when, suddenly, he was confronted by a venerable figure in rags, soliciting alms.

"Out of my path, wretch!" ejaculated the haughty Virginian, impatiently; and, tossing two thousand dollars ($2,000) to the unfortunate mendicant, he attempted to pass on.

The starving beggar was about to give way, and had drawn near the barrel which he carried on a wheel-barrow, for the purpose of adding to its contents the pittance just received, when the small amount of the latter seemed to attract his attention for the first time, and again he threw himself in the way of the miserly aristocrat.

"Moses Faro," he muttered, in tones of profound agitation, "you have your sheds full ($000000000) of Southern lucre, while one poor barrel full ($000) must supply me for a whole day; yet would I not exchange places with a man capable of insulting honest poverty, as you have done this night."

The proud Virginian felt the rebuke keenly; and as he stood, momentarily silent, in the presence of the hapless victim of penury, he could not help remembering that he had, on that very morning, willingly given his youngest son five thousand dollars ($5,000) to purchase a kite and some marbles. Greatly stricken in conscience, and heartily ashamed of his recent meanness, he turned to the suppliant and said, kindly:—

"Give me your address, and to-morrow morning I will send you a cart full (000) of means. I would give you more now, but I have only sixty thousand dollars ($60,000) about me, with which to pay for the pair of boots I have on."

"Moses Faro," responded the deeply-affected pauper, "your noble charity will enable me to pay the nine thousand dollars ($9,000) I owe for a week's board; and now let me ask, how goes our sacred cause?"

"Never brighter," answered the wealthy Confederate, with enthusiasm. "We have succeeded to-day in forcing five more cities through the Yankee lines, and are dragging three whole Hessian armies to this city."

"Then welcome poverty for a while longer," cried the beggar, pathetically; and so great was his exuberance of spirit at the news, that he resolved to spend five hundred dollars ($500) for a cigar in honor thereof.

Mr. Faro walked thoughtfully on toward his residence, pondering earnestly the words he had listened to, and astonished to find how easily a rich man could give happiness to a poor one. After all, thought he, there is more contentment in poverty than in riches. Show me the rich man who can boast the sturdy lightness of heart inspiring that hacknied rhyme, the

CAROL OF THE CONFEDERATE BEGGAR.

Though but fifty thousand dollars
Be the sum of all I own,
Yet I'm merry with my begging,
And I'm happy with my bone;
Nor with any brother beggar
Does my heart refuse to share,
Though a thousand dollars only
Be the most I have to spare.

I am shabby in my seven
Hundred dollar hat of straw,
And my dinner's but eleven
Hundred dollars in the raw;
Yet I hold my head the higher,
That it owes the hatter least,
And my scanty crumbs are sweeter
Than the viands of a feast.

Humming to himself this simple lay of contented want, Mr. Faro reached his own residence, gave eighty dollars ($80) to a little boy on the sidewalk for blacking his boots, and entered the portals of the hospitable mansion. His wife met him in the hall, and, as they walked together into the parlor, he noticed that her expression was serious.

"Have you heard the latest news, Moses?" she asked.

"No," returned the haughty Southerner.

"Well," said the lady, "just before you came in, I gave Sambo a hundred and twelve dollars ($112) to get an evening paper, which says that the Confederate government is about to seize all the money in the country, to pay the soldiers."

A gorgeous smile lit up the features of the chivalric Virginian, and he said:—

"Let them take both my sheds full ($000000000); let them take it all! Sooner than submit, or consent to be Reconstructed, I would give my very life, even, for the sake of the Confederacy!"

Mrs. Faro still looked serious.

"Moses," she said, with quivering lips, "have you not got, hidden away somewhere, *a twenty-shilling gold piece* ($2,500,000)?"

Ghastly pale turned the proud Confederate, and he could barely stammer,

"Ye-ye yes."

"Well," murmured the matron, "it's the gold they intend to take, I reckon."

That was enough. Frantically tore Mr. Faro into the street; desperately raced he to the city limits; madly flew he past the pickets and sentinels; swiftly scoured he down the Boynton Plank Road. A Yankee bayonet was at his bosom.

"Reconstruction!" shouted he.

They took him before the nearest post-commandant, and he only said,

"Let me be Reconstructed."

Need the reader be informed that he is now in New York, looking for a house, and in great need of some financial aid to help him pay the rent of such a residence as he has always been accustomed to and cannot live without? Yes, far from home, family and friends, he is now one of those long-suffering, self-sacrificing Union refugees from the South, whom it is a pleasure to assist, and whose manly opposition to the military despotism of the Confederacy commends them to our utmost liberality. He will accept donations in money, and this fact should be sufficient to make all loyal men eager to extend such pecuniary encouragement as may suffice to keep him above any necessity for exertion until the presidency of some Bank can be procured for him by the Christian Commission.

I may add, my boy, that any monetary contribution intended for this excellent man, may be directed to

Yours, patronizingly,
—*N. Y. Leader.* ORPHEUS C. KERR.

☞ The most disagreeable two-legged animal known is a little great man, and the next, a little great man's factotum and friend.

PITY POOR LUCY!!

Obliged to go to a party with Cousin Bess, who will do her hair *a la theiere*—that is, teapot fashion.

The Shortest Way.

Some twelve years ago, Napoleon, Ind., was celebrated for two things, one for the carousing propensities of its citizens, and the other for the great number of cross roads in its vicinity. It appears that an eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night and get some information respecting his future course. During the evening he became acquainted with an old drover, who appeared well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route to different points to which he was destined.

"I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collector; "now, which is the shortest way?"

"Well, sir," said the drover, "you had better go to Napoleon, and take the road leading nearly north."

The traveller noted it down.

"Well, sir, if I wish to go to Edinburg?"

"Then go to Napoleon and take the road west?"

"Well, if I wish to go to Vernon?"

"Go to Napoleon and take the road southwest."

"Or to Indianapolis?" added the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was being imposed on.

"Go to Napoleon and take the road northwest."

The collector looked at his note book; every direction had Napoleon on it; he began to feel his mettle rise, and he turned once more to the drover with—

"Suppose, sir, I wanted to go to his Satanic majesty?"

The drover never smiled, but scratched his head, and after a moment's hesitation said:

"Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any shorter road you could take than to go to Napoleon."

Aphorisms.

Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet.(!)

Men who eat hastily, or get drunk, do not know how to eat or drink.

To say that a man ought not to vary his wine is heresy; the palate becomes deadened; after the third glass the finest wine in the world becomes insipid.

Cookery is a science; no man is born a cook.

The most indispensable qualification of a cook is punctuality. The same may be said of guests.

To wait too long for a guest is a breach of politeness towards all who have arrived punctually.

A man who invites friends to dinner, and takes no personal interest in his dinner, is not worthy of friendship.

When you invite a man to dinner, never forget that during the short time he is under your roof his happiness is in your hands.

The only one of these axioms which we do not absolutely accept, is that which places punctuality at the head of culinary virtues. We should have preceded it by *cleanliness*; but it is possible that Brillat-Savarin did not think that a person who had not *that* virtue could, by any figure of speech, be called a cook.

Undying Plants.

A letter from Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico, says:—

"Passing on beyond Aribechi about two miles, we struck the bed of a stream through which we commenced our progress to another range of mountains whose slopes came down to the very edge of the channel way. It was here that we found the north sides of rocks which faced the stream covered with what at first seemed to be the most exquisitely beautiful green mosses that ever decked the rugged sides of a mountain. The entire sides of the mountain at this spot were blooming in the liveliest green. We dismounted to pluck some of these plants, and found that they were not strictly mosses, though undoubtedly they belonged to that class of plants. Each one had separate roots firmly holding it to the rocks, and from these roots grew out a plant that opened to the diameter of a common tea-cup or a saucer, and spread itself flat on the face of the rock. The leaf somewhat resembles in texture the *arbor vitæ*. These plants bear the name of '*siempre vive*' always living, or always alive. Their peculiarity is to come out into beautiful green life in the rainy season, and then, when all moisture has deserted them, to turn as brown as autumn leaves and roll or curl themselves up like a ball, as uninteresting to see as a brown stone, seemingly dead. But with the return of moisture, they uncurl their leaves and spread out again as beautiful and green as ever. Another peculiarity of the plant is, that you may pluck it, throw it into your saddlebags, and keep it six months; and then place the roots in a cup or saucer of water when you retire for the night, and in the morning you will find by your side a lively green plant. It looks like magic. But I have tried it to my surprise and delight. The plant never dies, its life is immortal, and its beauty of texture, and form, and color is renewed or continues with the continued supply of moisture."

THE OLD LETTER.

I burned the others, one by one; but my
courage failed at last,
And I snatched this, scorched and yellow, where
the fire's breath had passed.
I could not let it lie there, for it turned like a
thing in pain;
And I love it for the old times' sake, that never
come again.

They used to call me beautiful; I had nothing
else beside.
There was none more great or wise than he in
all the world wide;
And it's still a sort of pleasure—very mournful
though it be—
To know he once could think such thoughts,
and write such words of me.

But my poor beauty faded; 'twas the only thing
I had.
I was always weak and foolish, and my whole
life grew sad,
For the cruel blighting fever left me pitiful to
see,
(Oh, it's true that "Beauty's fleeting!"), and
my love no more loved me.

I'd have loved him all the more for that or any
grief beside;
But then he was so different. Oh, if I had only
died!
And yet, how can I wish him to have suffered
in my stead?
I think it would have grieved him then to hear
that I was dead.

I have nothing to forgive him; still, he very
soon forgot.
Men have much to do and think of, that we girls
have not.
A man has little thought to spare for his own
chosen wife;
Women's minds are very narrow, and a girl's
love is her life.

They say I should forget him, but I cannot if I
would,
For since my beauty left me, I have tried hard
to be good;
And his name is always on my lips, when I
pray to God above—
Oh, surely I may pray for one I can never cease
to love!

I was never fit to be his wife, even when my
face was fair;
But every one may pray to Heaven; we all are
equal there.
And God, in His great mercy, will not pass my
prayers by.
I have one thing left to live for—to pray for
him till I die.

☞ Cardinal Wiseman's dying words were: "Well, here I am at last, like a child from school, going home for the holidays."

AGRICULTURAL.

Lime on Hay.

In the Western Rural, one of our best agricultural journals, there has been broached the subject as to the usefulness of applying powdered lime to the mows of hay, especially when in rather a moist state, as it is hauled from the field. One correspondent asks for information, and another gives it, by saying that a mow of badly dried hay to which he applied the lime, at the rate of two or three quarts to the ton, showed not the least mustiness, when used in January, contrary to what he expected. Another correspondent answers that he had better keep his lime in his lime house, than to try to improve his hay with it, as all the satisfaction *he* got was to "see big clouds of dust that would injure the lungs of any animal." We nevertheless believe that lime is a preserver and sweetener of hay, especially when liable to suffer from mustiness; but it should not be applied in quantities as to raise "big clouds of dust."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Destroy their Eggs.

The American tent-caterpillars or lackeys, so destructive to the early foliage of wild-cherry trees and apple trees, become moths in July, and lay their eggs in July and August. Various methods for the destruction and extermination of these pests are resorted to by thrifty and enterprising farmers and gardeners; and to be successful, they should be universal. One of the most effective methods to prevent their ravages is to seek the eggs of the moths during these fine spring mornings, which, when found, as they easily may be, especially in young orchards, clip the twigs wherever they are deposited with a sharp instrument and burn them. Nurseries may thus be cleared of them. Shears and a knife, with basket in which to place the twig, and a ladder, are the equipments necessary for this important work. Let it be done this month, as farmers have more time to attend to it, and besides it is less and pleasanter work than after the eggs are hatched into devouring worms, for then is seed-time pressing with its multifarious demands for labor. Not only apple trees, but all the wild-cherry trees, on and about the farm premises, should be thoroughly, diligently and most carefully searched, that this evil may be prevented in its embryonic state.—*Boston Cultivator.*

TRAINING DOGS.—In the course of some conversation in relation to dogs, Gov. Anderson, of Ohio, related a Texan practice in training dogs with sheep:

"A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are opened, and put with an ewe to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb, grows up among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man, or strange dog, can come near the sheep; and the dog will bring the flock to the fold regularly at 7½ o'clock, if you habitually feed him at that hour.

BLOOD.—Some of the English papers are discussing the propriety of utilizing the blood of slaughtered animals. Fowls, they say, are not bled, and hare soup is not worth eating unless dressed without bleeding, and the blood of cattle and sheep, rich in nutritious albumen, from 35 to 5 lbs. each should not be lost. An ingenious if not satisfactory attempt is made to show that the Mosaic prohibition does not extend to us.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

RHEUMATIC PAINS.—For rheumatic pains or even pleurisy pain we would strongly recommend trying a *hot bag of salt*, placed upon the suffering part. We have known acute pain to be easily removed by one application only, though it is well worthy a persevering trial.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

EGGS FOR PASTRY.—It should be remembered that eggs not only render pastry light, but that they also add greatly to its nutritive value. In this respect they are superior to the baking powders, which are merely combinations of certain chemical ingredients that give out gaseous substances when heated in the oven, and these, by distending the dough, render it light, but without adding any nutritious material whatever. The following directions will be found to make a good baking powder:—Bicarbonate of soda, two ounces; tartaric acid, one ounce; starch, or corn-flour, two ounces. These materials should be gently dried before mixing, which is best done by passing them twice through a coarse sieve, and then kept in a tightly-closed bottle in a dry place.

TOASTED CHEESE.—Toast a slice of bread on both sides; toast a slice of cheese on one side; place it on the toast and brown it with a hot salamander, rubbing some mustard over it afterwards. Another receipt:—Toast a slice of bread, soak it in red wine, and put it before the fire; cut some cheese in very thin slices, and having rubbed some butter over a plate, place the cheese upon it, and pour in two or three spoonfuls of white wine, and a little mustard; cover it with another plate, and set it on a chafing-dish of coals for two or three minutes. Stir it until well mixed, lay it upon the bread, and brown it with a salamander.

AN IRISH STEW.—Take off the under bone from the best end of a neck of mutton, and cut it into chops; season them with pepper and salt, some mushroom powder, and beaten mace. Put the meat into a stewpan, slice a large onion, and tie up a bunch of parsley and thyme, and add these and a pint of veal broth to the meat. Let this simmer until the chops are about three-parts done, when add some onions and whole potatoes peeled, and let all stew together until thoroughly cooked. Take out the parsley and thyme, and serve up in a deep dish.—*Erin.*

TO PRESERVE ORANGES WHOLE.—Cut the rinds of the oranges into scallops or any other pattern, with a pen-knife, and throw the fruit into water, changing it every day for three days; after which boil them until tender enough to pass a straw into them, and put them into water until the next day. On taking them out, wipe them very dry. Boil them two or three times in a strong syrup, until clear, never putting the syrup to them until cold.—*Isabel.*

Take the best Seville oranges, pare them very thin, or scrape with a silver knife, and lay them in spring water for four days, shifting them each day. Then put them in a brass pan of spring water; put a board on them to keep them down. They will take a great deal of boiling; the pan must be filled with boiling water as it wastes; they must boil till a straw will pass through them; then carefully scrape the seeds out. To every pound of oranges put 1½ pounds loaf sugar pounded and sifted; fill the oranges with sugar, and sift some over them; let them lie a little time. To every pound of oranges put 1½ pint water and 3 pints of the sugar left from filling them; boil and skim it well, and pour it into a clean earthen pan; let it stand till cold, then pour it into a preserving pan, and add the oranges. Prick them with a bodkin as they boil in the syrup, and stew in the remainder of the sugar; when quite clear put them into jars; boil the syrup till almost a jelly, and fill the pots when cold.—*J. C. F.*

☞ A CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLE.—Henry Ward Beecher asked Park Benjamin why he never came to Brooklyn to hear him preach. Benjamin replied: "Why, Beecher, the fact is, I have conscientious scruples against going to places of public amusement on Sundays."

☞ In the Holland colony, in Kent county, Mich., a discarded lover prosecuted his girl for breach of promise, but subsequently compromised the matter on her agreeing to do his washing for one or two years.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 8, 3, 18, 21, 7, 22, 6, 15, is needful in every condition of life.
My 14, 11, 16, 20, when caused by pity for the woes of others, shows a heart full of kindness.
My 23, 5, 17, 5, 13, is the peculiar and essential virtue of man.
My 1, 23, 2, 7, 19, 13, 22, 15, is the peculiar and essential virtue of woman.
My 15, 5, 21, 14, 23, is the most beautiful season of life, full of brightness and radiant in smiles.
My 7, 8, 9, is the canker of the universe.
My 4, 11, 10, 11, 13, 22, is the mark of a little mind.
My whole are amiable qualities.
Waverly, Ohio. LYDIA L. J.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first unto the fields of lore
Opens the pathway free,
Smooths the rough rocks where genius sails,
And pilots to the sea.

Where the assassin stealthily creeps,
My second follows on,
The savage aim of wicked hearts,
When murd'rous deeds are done.

My whole, within a noble state,
Glides a bright river fair,
Whose works command the loudest praise
From all who visit there. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in moon, but not in sun.
My 2d is in grain, but not in tan.
My 3d is in red, but not in blue.
My 4th is in hack, but not in hew.
My 5th is in groan, but not in cry.
My 6th is in wheat, but not in rye.
My 7th is in strike, but not in beat.
My 8th is in chew, but not in eat.
My 9th is in ear, but not in eye.
My 10th is in frown, but not in sigh.
My whole is the name of a large island.
Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire, I am a short prayer.
Behead me, and I am a dangerous Cape.
Transpose me, and I am a measure of land.
Transpose again, and I become a trouble.
Curtail me, and I am a vehicle.
Transpose, and I am the part of a circle.
Curtail me twice, and an article is left.
Cincinnati, Ohio. S. HORACE G.

Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two travellers, A and B, set out from two different cities, C and D, and travel by the same road towards each other. A left the city of C to travel to the city of D at the same time that B started from D to travel to C—the distance between the cities being 840 miles. When A had travelled 240 miles, he *overtook* a drove of sheep; B *met* this same drove some hours afterwards, and then found that it would take him 126 hours to go to C, and that the drove must travel 216 hours before arriving at D. When B had travelled 120 miles, he was *overtaken* by an express; A *met* the same express some time afterwards, and then found that he must travel 114 hours to get to D, and that it would take the express only 64 hours to travel to C. Required, the hourly speed of A and B, and the hourly speed of the drove and express.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The diameter of a sphere is 10 inches; what is the height of a segment thereof whose solidity shall contain 54.4544 cubical inches? X.
☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A triangular hole, 12 inches on a side, is cut through the centre of a sphere 20 inches in diameter. Required, the solidity taken from the sphere. GILL BATES.
Walnut Grove, Vinces Co., Illinois.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why does a duck dip its head under water? Ans.—For *divers* reasons.

☞ Why is an angry man less pliable than iron? Ans.—Because he is not to be wrought upon when hot.

☞ Why does a railway clerk cut a hole in your return ticket? Ans.—To let you pass through.

☞ If a man falls out of a window, what does he fall against? Ans.—Against his will.

☞ What kind of a face should an auctioneer have? Ans.—One that is for bidding (forbidding.)

☞ Why is it impossible for a clock that indicates the smaller divisions of time to be new? Ans.—Because it is a second-hand one.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—

"I've seen you weary winter's sun
Twice forty times return,
And every time has added proofs
That Man was made to mourn."

CHARADE—New-Year. CHARADE—Porcupine, (Pork-you-pine.)

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, published Feb. 4:—42.9 cubic inches. And to my own, same date—56 deg. 3 min. and 6 sec. of latitude. Gill Bates. The same answers given by Morgan Stevens. David Wickersham's answer to last, 56 deg. 5 min. 9 sec.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, same date:—195 and 225 perches respectively.—Morgan Stevens and Francis M. Fuist.